THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1890.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

WE have had a serious week in London. An outbreak of disobedience, if not of actual mutiny, in a regiment of Grenadier Guards stationed at the Wellington Barracks; a threatened strike and actual disorder of a serious kind among the police force; and open disaffection and partial strikes among the employés of the Post Office, have been among the events of the week. No doubt there has been some exaggeration in the press; but even if we make full allowance for this, the condition of affairs has been well calculated to cause serious uneasiness among all classes. We trust that the worst is now over. The Guardsmen who refused to muster because they considered that they had an unnecessary number of drills, have apparently returned to their duties; the police, who used much wild language, have certainly done so, thanks to the example and steadiness of the old hands, and we are thus spared a great social calamity. The Post Office is, however, still seething with discontent, the result being not a little inconvenience to the public.

THE Ministers who are responsible for the various departments in which these unfortunate disturbances have occurred have not shone during the week. On Monday afternoon, long after the placards of the evening papers had carried the news of the disobedience of the troops at the Wellington Barracks to every suburb in London, MR. STANHOPE, in answer to a question in the House, showed himself to be in blissful ignorance of the whole affair. MR. MATTHEWS, too, though he deserves credit for having shown firmness and decision at a very critical moment, was by no means happy in many of his answers to questions bearing on disorder in the police force; whilst MR. RAIKES seems positively to have gone out of his way for the purpose of aggravating matters at the Post Office. How is it that so few members of the present Government seem to understand the art of combining the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*? Even when they do the right thing they seem positively anxious to do it in the wrong way.

STILL our natural indignation at the blunders of Ministers cannot make us shut our eyes to the real dangers of the situation, and to the grave misconduct of which many of the men both in the police force and the Post Office have been guilty. So far as the policemen are concerned, it is difficult to understand what their grievance is. Probably we should have heard nothing of it, if it had not been for an injudicious exercise of authority in one or two individual cases at the outset of the movement. The case of the postmen is not yet so clearly before the public, but here also it is evident that the men are resenting—in a wholly unjustifiable and objectionable way—the proceedings of their chiefs, rather than striving to accentuate their own demands for an improvement of their position. Public opinion, it is to be hoped, will insist upon fair-play being accorded to the men in both bodies, but will at the same time support the authorities in dealing firmly with insubordination and disorder.

THE Post Office strike, which early in the week seemed to be on the point of an amicable settlement by a surrender on the part of MR. RAIKES, unexpectedly blazed up again fiercely on Wednesday. The authorities had sent in a number of new hands, both to the letter department at St. Martin's-le-Grand and to the parcels department at Clerkenwell. This action was resented by the men, who in one instance by cajolery, and in another by actual force, succeeded in expelling the recruits from the places where they were employed. The Postmaster-General thereupon dismissed summarily about one hundred of the men who had assaulted the so-called "blacklegs." The postmen retorted by holding a meeting on Wednesday night, at which they passed a resolution calling upon all the men in the service to strike on Thursday morning unless the dismissed sorters were reinstated. Many of them acted on this resolution, and there was much inconvenience in consequence, but the latest reports seem to show that the struggle will end in the triumph of the authorities.

THE best proof of the success of SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S brilliant speech at the National Liberal Club on Wednesday is to be found in the excessive anger it seems to have caused the supporters of the Ministry. The *Times*, for example, is quite beside itself with rage and fury, and forgets not merely good manners but simple facts in its indignation. When it tells us, for example, that "so assiduous a worshipper of the jumping cat [as SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT] would have thrown over his venerable leader with as little compunction as on a previous occasion," if he had believed in 1885 that the country was not in favour of Home Rule, it shows that the *Times* is ignorant of what most men know, that SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT was one of the first of the leading members of MR. GLADSTONE'S Cabinet to advocate conciliation with Ireland. And when, again, it derides his description of the Ministry as a patient *in articulo mortis*, it affords refreshing proof of the fact that the talk of "Society" at all events has no longer any influence in Printing-house Square. For on Wednesday, the day on which SIR WILLIAM spoke, all the talk in the clubs, and above all in the Tory clubs, was that LORD SALISBURY had made up his mind to "ride for a fall," and that the Government meant to be out within three weeks. The story might of course be no better founded than many others which have been current of late. But the fact that it was everywhere received with a certain degree of credulity shows that SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT was at least more familiar with passing affairs than his critic in the *Times*.

AFTER much hesitation and many delays, MR. SMITH on Thursday made up his mind at last, and announced that the Government meant to drop all their contentious measures, including their precious Tithes Bill, and to wind up the business of the Session as speedily as possible. The confession of the great collapse was accompanied by a threat that Parliament would be called together again in November. We shall see about that. At present there is not the slightest reason to suppose that a three months' holiday will do anything to restore the dying Ministry to such a measure of health as to enable it to undertake another year's legislative work. But possibly the holiday may enable the Cabinet to come to some sort of agreement regarding the order in which its measures will be named

in the Queen's Speech. Just now nobody can tell whether the Land Purchase Bill or the Tithes Bill is in the eyes of Ministers of greater importance. As a signal proof of the depth of humiliation to which the Cabinet has sunk, it is only necessary to note the fact that on Thursday afternoon a rumour spread widely, and was generally believed, to the effect that LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL had been asked to go back to the Government and to resume the leadership of the House of Commons! Nor can any man say that even this astounding story was entirely without foundation. Meanwhile, though the contentious Bills have been dropped, the House is still in the midst of the Irish estimates, and likely to be there for some days to come.

EVEN the most churlish supporter of the Ministry is bound to admit that in one respect the conduct of the Opposition has been unexceptionable—that is, in the manner in which it has refrained from embarrassing Ministers on questions of foreign policy. So important a matter as the Anglo-German Treaty of course demands full and adequate discussion in both Houses of Parliament. But does anyone believe that, if MR. GLADSTONE had been in office instead of LORD SALISBURY, Ministers would have met with the kind of criticism which LORD ROSEBERY had to offer on Thursday night on the subject of the agreement? As it is, the chief opposition to that agreement proceeds from the supporters of the Government, and it is manifestly growing in strength. Whilst Liberals have certain well-defined grounds for objecting to particular points in the agreement, the Jingoes of the Tory party seem to object to it altogether. LORD SALISBURY, we are told, has been very much surprised by the strength of the opposition to his great "diplomatic triumph" which has proceeded from his own followers. He will probably have occasion for still greater surprise before the agreement is finally adopted.

IT is not only in the matter of temperance legislation that the childlike simplicity of the present Cabinet is being revealed to us. MR. GOSCHEN on Tuesday repeated to the Tories of Hanover Square the statement that the proposal to buy up public-houses was made purely in the interests of temperance, and was expected to rouse great opposition from the publicans. On the same day LORD SALISBURY declared to a large deputation of South African merchants that he was greatly surprised to find dissatisfaction expressed with the provisions of his agreement with Germany. He had supposed that the surrender of British rights in Damaraland and on the upper Zambesi would be generally approved. And he gave as a reason why South Africans should be satisfied the fact that Germany had not got all she asked, ignoring what everyone knows, that her claims were made extravagant, merely for the purpose of bargaining, as a Turkish dealer asks four times the price he means to accept for a carpet. How LORD SALISBURY would have made merry over such an argument had it been advanced by LORD GRANVILLE!

THE condition of Armenia seems to grow worse and worse, and unhappily the cynical indifference with which the Foreign Office treats the accounts of murders and outrages about which it is questioned in the House of Commons grows more flagrant. SIR JAMES FERGUSSON not only professes ignorance, but refuses to ask for information. It is to be hoped that this apparent callousness, whether it be really callousness or a silly wish to propitiate the Turk, will be treated as it deserves by the members who have interrogated the Under-Secretary, and will lead to further pressure.

SIR WILLIAM WHITEWAY has been furnishing the public through the Press with particulars of the case which he has come to England to support. There is nothing in his statement of the facts which will be particularly new to the readers of THE SPEAKER, who have for months past been kept *en rapport* with the grave problem that is now taxing the resources of the Colonial Office. It appears from SIR WILLIAM WHITEWAY'S declaration that the chief obstacle to the settlement of the dispute with France is the existence of the fishing bounties granted by the French Government. If these are abolished, we are told, "treaty rights on the Newfoundland coast will then be found to die a natural death, and can be made the subject of subsidiary agreement." If only France were inclined to deal amiably with England, the dispute is one which it is clear could be settled by the payment of a comparatively moderate sum of money.

THE Home Secretary has authorised the release of MR. ERNEST PARKE from prison, to which he was committed six months ago on a charge of having libelled LORD EUSTON. More than once we have called attention to MR. PARKE'S case, and have commented upon the most unjustifiable severity of the sentence passed upon him. We can only express our regret here that the Home Secretary has not commuted the sentence on the ground of its severity, but has discharged MR. PARKE because of his ill-health.

THE Directors of the Bank of England have not raised their rate of discount this week, as on Wednesday was very generally expected. The supply of money in the outside market is so small that most of those who had borrowed at the Bank of England have this week been obliged to renew their loans. Some of the banks and discount houses, too, had practically stopped taking bills, and persons desirous of discounting have in large numbers had to go to the Bank of England. The Bank of England, therefore, had obtained control of the market, and it was thought that the Directors would take advantage of the opportunity to raise their rate to 5 per cent. It is true that the withdrawals of gold from the Bank have ceased, but the stock of the metal held is entirely too small, and it was supposed that in the hope of attracting gold from abroad the Bank would raise its rate. Apparently, however, the Directors have obtained information which has induced them to make no change. No doubt they are satisfied that no gold will be withdrawn now, and possibly they may have reason for believing that some will be imported.

AN exceedingly anxious and depressed feeling has pervaded the stock markets all through the week, and in every department there has been a heavy fall. The feeling is the result partly of the scarcity of money, partly of renewed apprehensions respecting Bulgaria, partly of the agitation amongst the police and postmen, and the dissatisfaction in the Grenadier Guards, but chiefly it is owing to the growing intensity of the crisis in South America. The National Bank of Uruguay at the beginning of the week suspended cash payments, and though the Government is endeavouring to save the bank by making its notes forced payment for six months, there is a run not only on that establishment but on the other banks. The President of the Argentine Republic has refused to ratify the loan of ten millions which a London Syndicate was willing to make on certain conditions. In consequence, the premium on gold has advanced to over 200 per cent., and there is a panic upon the Bourse. As Argentine and Uruguayan securities are held in immense amounts throughout this country and upon the Continent, the fear of a crash has produced much alarm, and the holders of these securities have been selling all sorts of stocks in immense amounts to provide themselves with funds as a precaution against what may happen.

THE PARALYSIS OF PARLIAMENT.

THE practical disappearance of the whole programme of work which the Government submitted to Parliament a few weeks ago has naturally caused bitter anger on the part of the Ministerialists, who seek to lay the whole responsibility for the collapse of their own leaders upon the shoulders of the Opposition. Nor is the Conservative anger lessened by the fact that the Liberal members of the Select Committee on procedure have declined to agree to Mr. Smith's proposal for enabling Bills to be suspended instead of being abandoned at the end of a Session. There is no doubt as to the reality of the Ministerial collapse, and it is unfortunately impossible to deny the patent fact of the paralysis of Parliament. But when we are asked to believe that Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues have wickedly and wantonly refused to assent to a change of procedure that would have solved the Parliamentary difficulty, we can only meet the request with a flat refusal.

We do not deny that, at the first blush, the change of procedure which the Select Committee were asked to recommend to the House seems to have much to recommend it to general acceptance. Everybody feels that the present state of things in Parliament is intolerable. The spectacle which is now presented by the House of Commons is painful and humiliating, and men must naturally snatch eagerly at any reasonable proposal that seems likely to change the aspect of affairs. At the first blush, as we have said, the proposal that a Bill which has reached a certain stage in one Session, but which has not been carried, shall be revived in the forthcoming Session at the point at which it had been dropped in the previous year, seems a reasonable and useful one. But no sooner is it examined with care than all the arguments in its favour disappear, and we are confronted instead by a number of very weighty arguments which tell directly against the proposal. Two of the most formidable of these are the fact that this plan would prevent Ministers from re-casting their Bill during the recess—a process to which all Governments constantly resort—and the certainty that the House of Lords would use it for the purpose of obstruction. Already we know what difficulties beset a Liberal Ministry when they are carrying one of their own measures through the Upper House. The autocrat of that Chamber—the present Prime Minister—has had no scruple before now in refusing to allow a Bill to be read upon which the House of Commons had spent many weeks of precious time, on the ground that it had reached the Upper House too late to be considered by peers anxious to be off to the moors or the German Baths. It would be playing directly into the hands of this arch-obstructionist, if a "hanging-up" rule were to be adopted. The result in many cases would be that a measure which was acknowledged to be necessary, and in favour of which there was a general agreement, might occupy three Sessions instead of one before becoming law.

It must, besides, be remembered that with the closure the rule is really not necessary. Mr. Smith has used that weapon so often that he can hardly scruple to use it still more frequently. Why should he not next Session, when the Land Purchase Bill is reintroduced, point out that the debates upon the second reading have already taken place, and give notice that he will move the closure after, say, two nights of discussion on the same stage? Such a use of his powers would, at least, be more justifiable and reasonable than that to which he now sometimes puts them. But, after all, we do not believe that any real remedy for the existing evils of our Parliamentary system will be found in a mere change of procedure. What has the closure done—not to put down obstruction, for it cannot be too emphatically asserted that obstruction is not the real source of the mischief—but to facilitate the transaction of public business? For a dozen years past we have been tinkering at Parliamentary procedure, only to leave matters in a worse condition than they were in at the beginning of our meddling. The plain truth is that "the weary Titan" is suffering from overwork. The House of Commons is now attempting to discharge a task which is beyond the capacity of any legislative body on the face of the earth. It is trying to deal simultaneously with the infinitely great and the infinitely little, with the gravest problems of our political and social life, and with the paltriest grievances of particular cliques and individuals. Let anyone look at the map of the world and see the extent of the British Empire, and then let him remember that the Parliament at Westminster attempts to regulate the affairs of no inconsiderable proportion of the inhabitants of this planet, and attempts this more than Herculean task in face of the fact that at any moment it may have to devote the whole of a precious sitting to the consideration of the conduct of a policeman in Regent Street or Skibbereen. The attempt is preposterous. Parliament must abandon this pretence of omnipotence if it is not to suffer something like absolute shipwreck. Let it cast aside its jealousy of smaller representative bodies, and, strengthening instead of weakening its Imperial authority and control, find its salvation in devolving upon others those duties of detailed local administration in the performance of which it now fails so signally. Only in this way can it really recover its old power of dealing adequately with great principles and truly Imperial problems, and only in this way will it satisfy that rising demand of the many sections of our people for the control in their own fashion of their own local affairs.

POSTMEN AND POLICE.

THE lot of the Londoner during the past week has been, like Alexander Selkirk, to "dwell in the midst of alarms." Something like an epidemic of social disorder has been abroad. A week ago we were all looking with mingled pity and indignation to Leeds, at the spectacle of popular lawlessness on the one side, and official weakness on the other, which was offered to us there. To-day it is of London that we have to think, and of the serious risks which have been run during the past week. It is no exaggeration to say that the highly complex social system of our English towns, and above all of London, knows no more important factors than the postman and the policeman. Humble as these agents of society are, and simple as is their work, they are men without whose co-operation our social system would suffer a disorganisation so great and so far-reaching as to amount to something very like collapse. It is a serious matter, therefore, that we should have been within the last few days in danger of a strike both of the postmen and of the police force. In one case—that of the police—the danger has been averted, but the fact that we have had to face it in good earnest, and that at this moment the omens are by no means favourable so far as the postmen are concerned, is not one which we can regard without serious disquietude. That the authorities have blundered, both at the Post

Office and in Scotland Yard, can hardly be doubted. It might, indeed, be taken for granted that there must have been blundering before a crisis such as this could have occurred; but we have no need to fall back upon this general proposition in order to establish the charge of mismanagement against Mr. Raikes on the one hand and the Home Office on the other.

It would be something worse than an error of judgment, however, if we were to regard these disturbances either from the party point of view, or simply with an eye to the defects of the responsible Minister. No one can accuse us of any disposition to regard the faults of the present Ministry lightly. There are occasions, however, when patriotism makes it necessary that the opponents of the Government should rally to its support, and so far as the police strike is concerned it seems to us that the present is one of these occasions. The sudden withdrawal from the streets of London of the men who have undertaken the task of preserving order would be nothing less than a national calamity. Even though the enormous majority of the inhabitants of the Metropolis are law-abiding people, who in an emergency would do their best to maintain order and repress crime, it cannot be doubted that the sudden loss of the force which has been organised for this special purpose would inflict a terrible blow upon the community. Looking at the question, therefore, in the interests of the community as a whole, it is impossible to resist the conviction that our duty as citizens requires us to support the authorities in every legitimate effort which they may make for the purpose of putting an end to a most dangerous and revolutionary state of feeling in the police force. Nor can we admit that the grievances of the men, even on their own showing, are of such a character as for a moment to justify the course of violent agitation upon which some of them have unhappily embarked. It is clear, from the statements which have been published, that the London policeman is not badly paid as times go. Some increase of wages may be due to him in recognition of exceptional labours, and he is unquestionably entitled to generous treatment in virtue of the trying, and even dangerous character of his employment. But whilst we grant this, and whilst we think the authorities would fall into a grave mistake if they were to treat the representations of the force on the subject of pay or pension with contemptuous indifference, we cannot too strongly reprobate the conduct of those who have been seeking to foment the spirit of lawlessness throughout the force.

Unfortunately the police crisis has been followed by a crisis in the Post Office not less acute. Here also we have had blundering on the part of the authorities, combined with a reckless and unjustifiable resort to disorder on the part of the men. How the struggle will end is not yet known, but in the meantime the people of London are subjected to serious inconvenience, and a great public department seems to be thoroughly disorganised. The whole question of the conditions on which such servants of the State as policemen and postmen shall carry on their work is one that demands the serious consideration of our rulers and law-givers. It is too late in the day, even if it were in itself desirable, to call for the application of martial law to men whose fidelity in the discharge of their duties is really quite as important as is the loyalty of a soldier in the field. Public sentiment and our just regard for the rights of individuals will not permit of any such step as this. But when we remember how vast are the social interests which are dependent upon the fidelity of these public servants, we cannot but feel that, in the interests of the community as a whole, it is necessary that steps should be taken to prevent any sudden and great disruption, such as would of necessity follow a general strike in the Post Office or among the police. Those steps need not interfere in any way with the real interests of the men. If they are required, in virtue of the special nature of their work, to enter into an undertaking not suddenly to throw down their arms or their tools and leave us without the service they supply, it is only fair that this partial limitation of their freedom should be recognised in their rate of pay. Neither the policeman nor the postman is pressed into the public service. He enters it of his own free will, and under conditions with which he is perfectly familiar. The object of the authorities should be to make those conditions in themselves fair and honourable; just and even generous to those who are employed, but sound and safe in the interests of the community whose servants both postmen and policemen are. When, however, the bargain has been struck, it is only right that it should be rigidly adhered to on both sides; and the policeman or postman who, in defiance of his agreement, suddenly refuses to obey orders, is entitled to no greater consideration than that which is shown to the employer who, having undertaken to pay a certain amount of wage to his workman, fraudulently withholds it from him.

There are, of course, many minor points involved in the relations of such bodies of men as the employés of the Post Office and the police to the community. It may be a grave question whether public agitations among these bodies are to be justified. On the other hand, nothing is more certain than that it is in the highest degree impolitic to refuse either postman or policeman the freest opportunity of laying his grievances, real or imaginary, before his employers, and even of enlisting public sympathy on behalf of his demands. These minor questions ought, however, to be comparatively easy of settlement where there is tact and good feeling on the one side, and loyalty and an honourable sense of discipline on the other. We fear that in the present case all of these requisites have been wanting, and the consequence has been a crisis upon which we cannot look back without a sense of shame. Still it seems necessary for the sake of the general well-being that public servants who are inclined to resort to violence and insubordination in order to secure the improvement of their position, should be made to understand that by doing so they forfeit the esteem and goodwill of the community, and put themselves in an infinitely worse position than that which they would occupy if they were to trust, first to their own honourable performance of the duties they have undertaken to discharge, and secondly to the full ventilation in Parliament and in the press of the grievances under which they imagine they suffer. It cannot for a moment be pretended that in the present case there has been any disposition on the part of the House of Commons or the public to turn a deaf ear to the case of the police, at all events; and they have only themselves to thank for the fact that this case has been most seriously prejudiced by the events of the past week.

TU QUOQUE.

HOW comes it that so able a man as the Irish Secretary labours under the delusion that the form of argument which is best suited to his present position is that known as the *tu quoque?* Apparently he believes that it is sufficient to say, in defence of any piece of injustice perpetrated in Ireland under his rule, that something like it was done

under the Premiership of Mr. Gladstone. Now, if we had all been colleagues of Mr. Gladstone in the Cabinet of 1880, if we had all made ourselves before the world responsible for every act of his Irish Administration, there might possibly be some kind of justification for the curious intellectual blunder into which Mr. Balfour has fallen. Of course, even in that case, it would be open to us to point out one little fact which seems to have escaped the notice of the Irish Secretary—namely, that we have seen reason to believe that England was on the wrong tack in its treatment of Ireland in 1880, and that we have changed our views and line of action accordingly. But seeing that the overwhelming majority of the electors of Great Britain had not the privilege of serving in Mr. Gladstone's ministry ten years ago, seeing that they were not even members of the House of Commons of that date, it really seems that for so clever a man, Mr. Balfour has been guilty of a serious waste of his own and other people's time in endeavouring to sustain his own course by a reference to that of his predecessors. The blunders of one particular batch of men, who held office nearly a dozen years ago, cannot, from the electors' point of view at all events, be regarded as condoning the blunders of another set of men who are actually holding office to-day.

But is Mr. Balfour right in his *tu quoque?* Is it really the case, as he tried to prove on Monday night, that "shadowing" cannot be the "damnable" thing it is called by his own supporters, because it was resorted to years ago when Mr. Gladstone was Prime Minister? If we are to judge by all the evidence he has produced we should say that he has not even his poor *tu quoque* to fall back upon for refuge. The "shadowing" which is now being carried on by his orders, with his direct and avowed sanction, is something about which honest Englishmen, even though Tories, cannot speak their minds without running the risk of becoming blasphemous. It is a cruel, a malignant, and a cowardly system of persecution, by which the lives of reputable men are made utterly miserable—a kind of torture which even a Russian police agent would hardly dare to resort to—outside of Siberia, at all events. Can it be pretended that Mr. Balfour is entitled to say that Mr. Gladstone has also practised this odious system, because he has discovered that once, *without Mr. Gladstone's knowledge*, a man who was suspected of being a murderer was placed under the *surveillance* of the police? This, be it said, is all that Mr. Balfour's *tu quoque* amounts to. There must surely be something strange in the air which Ministers are breathing at present, when one of the cleverest of them can make himself ridiculous by offering this kind of argument to the House of Commons as a reply to a very real and very heavy accusation.

CASSANDRA SMITH.

AT a crisis like this it is a great comfort to know that while one distinguished member of the tribe of Smith sets an unfaltering example of duty to Queen and country, another, who is beyond the seas, takes up his parable against the enemies of "law and order." The functions of these two great men are admirably ordained both to melt and to warn us in this time of national trial. In the First Lord of the Treasury we have the Smith of pathos; in the Toronto Professor we have the Smith of prophecy. We weep with the one, and we shudder with the other. Far away in his Canadian home, Mr. Goldwin Smith has cast the horoscope of our Parliamentary institutions. It is bad. He looks into the magic crystal, and there is nothing but "anarchy," and, morally speaking, "civil war." Private letters from England have convinced him that our condition is "almost heartrending." This ought to be nothing new to the Professor. When Lord Beaconsfield was dominant, Mr. Goldwin Smith retired to Canada, because he felt that England was not fit for a free citizen to live in. He is now persuaded that the country is going to ruin because the Opposition are "in alliance with the foreign enemies of the Kingdom," and we are "threatened with confusion and dismemberment." It is apparently quite legitimate for the soothsayer at Toronto to advocate the annexation of Canada by the United States, but desperately wrong for Ireland to demand local self-government. Mr. Goldwin Smith has never ceased to deplore the strength of the Irish element in American politics. Irish-American politicians have committed every crime that is known to an enlightened Professor. But while Mr. Goldwin Smith is, or very recently was, quite willing that Canada, by entering the American Union, should pass under the domination of a criminal class, he denounces with the vehemence of a Hebrew prophet the bare idea of setting up a subordinate Legislature in Dublin. On the face of it, there seems to be some trifling inconsistency here. But your political seer cannot be expected to speak by the card. You must not vex his soul with shallow logic.

Evidently, the only way to understand the real condition of England is to live some thousands of miles off, and receive private letters from people who are educated by the Ministerial journals. With these colours Mr. Goldwin Smith's imagination has painted a picture which may rather startle his correspondents. It is all over with the Empire and everything else. "Grossly ignorant and gullible farm labourers, denationalised factory hands, and the disaffected peasantry of Ireland," will decide our destiny at the next General Election. The House of Commons is enslaved by "the caucus," and cannot even "protect itself from insult." "Legislation is bogged in obstruction." Our pathetic Smith might tell his prophetic namesake something different from this. He might whisper that the real secret of the mischief is in a disorganised and distracted Cabinet, that Ministers have brought the Parliamentary machine into disrepute by sheer incapacity, and that their conduct of the public business is as much a mockery to their most faithful supporters as it is to their most implacable enemies. But Mr. Goldwin Smith's ignorance of these facts is one of the charms of living at Toronto. Unhampered by any tiresome details, he is able to tell us that we have "slid into the most unbridled of democracies." Moreover, to his penetrating eye, "the system of general elections itself has become utterly obsolete and inappropriate now that supreme power has been vested in the House of Commons." Here is a new light on the Constitution. Because the House of Commons is supreme it ought never to be dissolved. "The government and the whole policy of the Empire" must not be "thrown into the caldron of a desperate faction fight." The "ignorant and gullible farm-labourers" must be taught that the ballot-box is not for them, and the "disaffected peasantry of Ireland" must content themselves with praying that the shadow of the constable may never grow less.

This, then, is the counsel of the Toronto Prophet to the Downing Street Patriot. Let there be no more elections, and let Mr. W. H. Smith inform the

House of Commons that henceforth we are to live under the Dictatorship of Duty. Unfortunately, this will not help the Land Purchase or the Tithes Bill. Nor will it enable Mr. Balfour to close up the thousand paths that slope the way to "crime." But why should not Mr. Smith (of the Treasury) invite Mr. Smith (of Toronto) to come over and take charge of public affairs? The Professor might be able to persuade the Speaker and Mr. Courtney to closure all debate. Even the licensing clauses might be revived and passed by this miraculous genius. As for the next General Election, who knows that even the "denationalised factory hands" might not yield to the Professor's lucid exposition of the advantages of dismembering the Empire by letting Canada go? Supposing that one more appeal to the constituencies were permitted by the Imperial Smiths, this argument ought to sound the knell of "the party of dismemberment and revolution." And above all, Professor Goldwin Smith would have the inestimable satisfaction of vindicating his reputation against the libel of Disraeli, who wantonly described him as "that wild man."

LONDON IN CHAINS.

THE action of the House of Commons this week in refusing to allow the London County Council any representation on the Thames Conservancy Board calls attention once more to the unfairness with which the Council has been treated by Parliament. Few persons realise at all adequately how limited are the powers and municipal functions of the body over which Lord Rosebery has so ably presided. The London County Council is generally assumed to correspond roughly (outside the City) with the Town Council in a provincial borough. But it is a municipal authority without any of the powers and duties which take up nine-tenths of the time of a provincial Town Council. It has nothing to do with paving, cleaning, or lighting the streets; waterworks, gasworks, markets, and tramways are completely outside its province; its police form an army as alien as the Irish constabulary; it is functionless and practically powerless in valuation and assessment; it does not collect its own rates; it is neither the sanitary nor the burial authority; and it cannot even prepare or supervise the registration of the voters who elect it. It is, in fact, simply a cross between the county justices and the Metropolitan Board of Works, and its chief occupations are a strange hotchpotch of lunatic asylums and the fire-brigade, main drainage and industrial schools, bridges and baby-farms.

Part of this confusion is due to the neglect of the Government to fulfil their pledge to complete the scheme of Local Government reform by the establishment of District Councils. In London the District Councils, absorbing the existing Vestries and District Boards, will necessarily relieve the central municipal authority of much of the ordinary work of a Town Council. How the necessary powers should be divided between the Central and District Councils, and what should be the areas of these latter, are problems for which no unanimous solution has yet been arrived at. Sir Charles Dilke has lately pleaded in our columns for the preservation of existing vestry areas, and the retention by the District Councils of wide and independent powers. Other practical experts, including such a "moderate" as Mr. W. M. Acworth, incline to the centralised administration of Paris, or, let us rather say, of Manchester and Glasgow.

The best course probably lies between these two extremes, and we shall in due course see Metropolitan District Councils following the old boundaries where possible, both executing and controlling purely local services, carrying out others under the general direction of the County Council, and exercising concurrent powers with the latter in spheres of mixed local and general interest. In the meantime, it is worth notice that many of the practical difficulties of the London County Council arise from the ambiguity in which Mr. Ritchie and Parliament have left the relations between the various metropolitan authorities. The recent struggle in the Council as to the propriety of its maintaining small local open spaces affords a typical instance of this uncertainty of sphere. Every meeting of the Sanitary and Housing of the Working Classes Committees is taken up with similar questions. The whole range of the Council's relations with the City Corporation forms a dense jungle of legal complications, thickly beset with the pitfalls of audit surcharges and proceedings *ultra vires*.

Quite apart, however, from the difficult question of District Councils, the powers and functions of London's central municipality obviously require considerable enlargement. The quinquennial revaluation of the metropolis is about to endow the eight London water companies with a clear gift of at least a million and a half sterling in capital value, without increased expense or additional supply. Yet the London County Council has not even the power to spend a thousand pounds to investigate London's water supply. The Thames is, indeed, apparently considered to have as little interest for the representative authority of London as the Shannon or the Suck. The metropolis urgently needs further market accommodation, but there is absolutely no "markets authority" for London. Part of London's tramways can be acquired for the public next year, but London has no public body having the power to imitate Glasgow in leasing out its own tram-lines, or Huddersfield in directly working its own tramcars. The House of Commons must perforce attend to the grievance of London's policemen, and the metropolis be brought within an ace of a police strike, because the London County Council is refused the usual "Watch Committee" of the typical municipal borough. It must be becoming increasingly evident that Imperial Parliament is no better fitted to deal with the urgent questions now arising in connection with these local public services than with London Main Drainage or the Metropolitan Fire Brigade.

Nor is London allowed to help itself in these matters. The London County Council may, indeed, oppose local and private bills as the representative of the London people, but it has no power as such to promote a local bill even for the most purely local affairs. Its loan transactions necessitate an annual "money bill," for the passage of which through Parliament it has to resort to the cold and critical offices of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury. If it wants to buy up the water companies it must first get power by Act of Parliament to defray the preliminary expenses, and then apparently proceed, like a mere railway projector, by private bill, with all its cumbrous and expensive machinery of November notices, and the thousand and one expenses of the Parliamentary agent. When the Sheffield Town Council three years ago bought out its water companies at a cost of £7 per inhabitant, it consumed no public Parliamentary time, and caused no ripple on the tide of political life. The attempted purchase ten years ago of the London Water Companies at about the same price destroyed a powerful Ministry, and Home

Secretaries will henceforth fight as shy of London water as of English beer. When the London County Council attempts even to begin to solve its difficulties for itself, the Government insists on the omission of all the relevant clauses from its bill.

The minor difficulties of the Council's work are almost incredible. In order to preserve the symmetry of Mr. Ritchie's Bill, the administrative authority of four millions of people was placed under the same restrictions as the successors to the justices of the smallest rural county.

Because such rural councils meet only at long intervals, London's Council can equally only be summoned by three days' notice of the agenda, sent by registered letter. The Post Office accordingly pockets a weekly profit, and all committees of the Council meeting after Wednesday in each week must see the confirmation and execution of their proceedings unnecessarily delayed. No work over £50 may be incurred or payment made without a separate estimate having been prepared by the appropriate committee, passed by the finance committee, and voted by the whole Council. The great Council of this "province covered with houses," exceeding in population many kingdoms, and in financial importance most of our Colonies, is not permitted to arrange even its most ordinary expenditure by an annual budget and "Appropriation Act," but must deal specially with each item as if it were an unprecedented charge. No power exists to make even the most urgent payment outside the regular routine, and it has been found absolutely impossible to pay the wages of the Council's servants without breaking Mr. Ritchie's law. What provincial Town Council would endure such restrictions for a single session?

London, in fact, though Mr. Ritchie forgot it, is something more than a county; it is also a city, and the greatest which the world has ever known. The London County Council has inherited the chaotic powers of the Metropolitan Board of Works, and has been granted such others as are enjoyed by the county of Huntingdon, or the western division of Suffolk. What it now needs is to be placed on a footing similar to that of a municipal borough. There are sixty-two "county boroughs" in England and Wales, varying from Liverpool with 600,000 inhabitants down to Canterbury with 21,000; but London is not yet judged worthy to be ranked even with the least of these. Mr. Ritchie made London a county, and for this we owe him thanks; it remains now to make the capital of the Empire also a municipality. Not till then can we be freed from the irksome intrusion of metropolitan disputes into an Imperial Parliament; not till then can we call upon London to settle its local affairs and work out its own salvation in its own way. Home Rule for London comes second in urgency only to Home Rule for Ireland.

BALFOURISM.

II.

IN our last article on Balfourism we promised to give our readers some typical specimens of Mr. Balfour's method of governing the Irish people, and we now proceed to redeem our pledge. Mr. Balfour has been singularly reckless in accusing his political opponents, from Mr. Gladstone downwards, of falsehood. He has frequently denounced statements made by Mr. Gladstone as "absolutely false," and he rarely replies to a speech from an Irish Nationalist without giving him the lie direct or by innuendo. A man who comes forward thus obtrusively as an austere censor of mendacity in others might at least be expected to pay veracity the compliment of not making her ridiculous by his patronage of her. If he will take liberties with truth, it would be prudent not to challenge attention to them by an ostentatious prudery. But this is what Mr. Balfour is always doing. He delivered a speech at Stalybridge on the 24th of March, 1888, in which he denounced as "utter falsity" "the frequent and familiar accusation that the Government had interfered with the liberty of the press in Ireland." "The truth is," he affirmed, "that the Irish press is not only free, but licentious. No man has been attacked in Ireland through my administration for the expression of any opinion whatever, in any newspaper whatever, from one end of Ireland to the other." This is a bold statement, and is in harmony with a promise which Mr. Balfour made to the House of Commons when introducing his Coercion Act. "We do not propose," he said on the 28th of March, 1887, "to interfere with the liberty of the press." But what are the facts? For merely publishing in their newspapers reports of National League public meetings a number of distinguished Irishmen have been imprisoned under Mr. Balfour's administration. Nor did Mr. Balfour's interference with the press end there. Printers of Irish papers which contained reports of meetings of the National League have been imprisoned, and so have boys for the crime of selling such papers in the streets. Mr. Gladstone called public attention to the iniquity of imprisoning men and boys on the assumption that they were bound to know the contents of the papers which they sold. In a speech delivered a few days afterwards at Battersea Mr. Balfour retorted by calling Mr. Gladstone's accusation "an absolute falsehood." An "absolute falsehood" means a falsehood for which there is no foundation. But a correspondent of the *Daily News* gave chapter and verse for Mr. Gladstone's statement, and then Mr. Balfour's Secretary was instructed to explain that men and boys had, indeed, been imprisoned for selling newspapers, but that it was not true that they did not know what the papers contained, since they might have learnt it from the police! This is Mr. Balfour's excuse for giving the lie direct to a statesman who was an illustrious Cabinet Minister when Mr. Balfour was in petticoats.

It will be remembered that after Mr. W. O'Brien had been deprived of his clothes by force, and had suffered from exposure to inclement weather in his bare cell, he was sent to the prison infirmary by order of the doctor, and was allowed to wear his own clothes. Attention having been called to this difference between Mr. O'Brien's treatment and that of other political prisoners who were forced to wear the prison dress, Mr. Balfour replied:—"The fact is, that Mr. O'Brien is dealt with exactly as any other criminal would be dealt with who, *like him*, could succeed in sheltering himself under a medical opinion. . . . When a convicted prisoner, who is able to plead a 'weak heart' and 'delicate lungs,' refuses to attire himself in the prescribed dress, force will not be applied to compel him." The plain meaning of this is that Mr. O'Brien begged to be allowed to wear his own clothes on the plea of a weak heart and delicate lungs. When Mr. Balfour published this slander he had the man whom he traduced effectually silenced within the four walls of a prison cell. As soon as Mr. O'Brien obtained his liberty he challenged Mr. Balfour, on the floor of the House of Commons, to substantiate or withdraw his damaging imputation. Mr. Balfour did neither. The incident is such an instructive epitome of Mr. Balfour's method of controversy that we make no

apology for reproducing it here. The scene took place in the House of Commons on the 16th of February, 1888. Mr. O'Brien opened the attack as follows:—

"I confess I did feel very keenly when in prison a letter which the right hon. gentleman published to a Mr. Armitage, in which, not making any broad and honest charge against me, he conveyed a stealthy and loathsome insinuation: the loathsome insinuation that I sheltered myself under the plea of illness from the enforcement of prison discipline—a statement as to which I challenge the right hon. gentlemen to appeal to any one of the three official doctors who examined me, for one tittle, I won't say of foundation, but even of countenance for such an assertion. Here we are now face to face, and I challenge him, in defence of his own character—for it is, after all, his own character that is at stake—I challenge him to appeal to any one of those three officials—one of them the prison doctor, a Protestant gentleman, and the son of a landlord; and the other a member of the Prisons Board; and the third an official gentleman, whose name even to this hour I do not know—I challenge him to appeal to any single one, or to all of these gentlemen, to give the slightest countenance for that infamous imputation."

* * * * * * *

"Mr. Balfour.—The hon. gentleman says that I accused him of sheltering himself under the plea of ill-health.

"Mr. O'Brien.—Insinuated, not accused.

"Mr. Balfour.—Insinuated, not accused. If the hon. gentleman means by that that I insinuated or stated that he was not in a weak state of health when he was so, he has only to get the letter and he will find that I there said, on the authority of the doctor, that he was suffering from a weak heart, weak lungs, and an extremely excitable disposition.

"Mr. O'Brien.—*The point of my complaint is that the right hon. gentleman in his letter distinctly insinuated, without actually stating, that I had sheltered myself under the plea of ill-health, and pleaded ill-health for not being forced to wear prison clothes.*

"Mr. Balfour.—What I stated was—(several hon. members: 'Read the letter') The hon. member did not read the letter yesterday. ('Oh.') I do not understand why I am to be dictated to. What I stated is that it was because the hon. gentleman had this weak heart—this weak health—that he was excused."

What Mr. Balfour stated was something totally different from this dishonest explanation. "Be these juggling" words "no more believed that palter with us in a double sense." Illustrations might be multiplied indefinitely; but the samples which we have given of Mr. Balfour's title to be regarded as a very Bayard of political veracity may perhaps suffice. Let us pass on to some other points in our indictment against Mr. Balfour's administration of Ireland.

Mr. Balfour and his colleagues have proclaimed *ad nauseam* that the law and its administration are the same in Ireland and in England. When pressed hard they sometimes admit "a difference of procedure." But a difference of procedure may mean a fundamental difference in the administration of justice. The abolition of trial by jury might be called a difference of procedure; but it would mean an essential difference in the law. Now trial by jury has been abolished in the administration of Mr. Balfour's coercive policy in Ireland, and the liberties of Her Majesty's subjects in that country are at the mercy of the resident magistrates. And who are the resident magistrates? The Irish resident magistrate sits on the bench, it is true, to administer justice; but he is also an executive officer receiving orders from Dublin Castle, and removable from his office at the discretion of Mr. Balfour. The resident magistrates are under the jurisdiction and immediate orders of the divisional magistrate, who has charge of the whole of that district, and the divisional magistrate is the representative of Dublin Castle—that is, of Mr. Balfour. The administration of justice in Ireland is therefore at this moment, under the Coercion Act, a pure despotism energising under the prostituted forms of constitutional law. The glory of the administration of the law in Great Britain is that it is administered by men who are entirely independent of the Government of the day. The resident magistrates in Ireland are the creatures of the Government of the day. "A breath unmakes them as a breath has made." See how this system acts. In passing his Coercion Act through the House of Commons, Mr. Balfour was obliged to allow an appeal from the decision of the resident magistrates in the case of sentences over a month's imprisonment. Appeals followed in rapid succession after the Coercion Act had come into operation; and the ordinary judges (who are independent of the Government) not only quashed some of the magisterial decisions, but in addition made severe strictures on the ignorance of law and contempt of justice which these decisions had displayed. The sword of Coercion was thus in danger of breaking in Mr. Balfour's hand. He went to Birmingham accordingly, and made a speech, in which he suggested to the resident magistrates in Ireland a stratagem by which they might evade the provisions of the Coercion Act which allowed an appeal from any sentence not exceeding a month's imprisonment. The resident magistrates immediately took the hint, and began to pass sentences of three and six months' imprisonment in such a way as to deprive their victims of the right of appeal allowed by Act of Parliament. A Nationalist, for example, is convicted of making a speech in a proclaimed district, and the magistrate is anxious to give him four months' imprisonment with hard labour. But such a sentence would give the accused the right of appeal—a right of which Mr. Balfour and the resident magistrates have a wholesome dread. The resident magistrates therefore divide the offence into four portions, and give a month's imprisonment for each. By thus distributing the sentence, they rob the prisoner of the precious right which Parliament accorded to him. This was a very ingenious discovery on the part of Mr. Balfour and his judicial myrmidons; but plain men will characterise it as a mean specimen of vindictive chicanery.

THE ARMY DEBATE.

MR. STANHOPE'S statement on the 4th inst., and the debate of the following night, in spite of their inadequacy to the grave importance of the subject, possess a definite value. A Royal Commission, reporting after much deliberation, had shown directly, and still more by implication, that the whole administration of the Army was faulty in the extreme, that an "unsatisfactory and dangerous condition of affairs" existed in the want of any machinery for securing real discussion between the naval and military authorities, and that remedies more or less drastic were urgently required. The country, temporarily aroused in 1888 from its normal apathy in regard to the condition of the fighting services, was assumed to be slumbering peacefully once more. The Report of Lord Hartington's Commission was regarded as having fallen flat. It was beginning to be believed that nothing was to be done. Mr. Stanhope's statement, halting, vague, and incomplete as it is, must at least be taken to prove that administrative reform is contemplated. A Naval and Military Council is apparently to be "formed within the Cabinet, under the presidency of the Prime Minister." The irregular meetings of the magnates of the War Office are to be formalised, and the proceedings and decisions recorded. We are to have a Promotion Board, which is to absorb the higher patronage of the Army at present vested in the Commander-in-Chief, whose office may or may not

be retained, as may hereafter be decided. This is something, and the proposed measures are at least in the right direction. The first step in the direction of any sound administration is to settle once for all and authoritatively all matters of high policy. At present, an exactly reverse process is consistently followed. Most questions are begun at the wrong end. We defend our ports, and after hundreds of thousands have been expended, we gravely begin to consider what they are to be defended against, and find perhaps that the fortifications upon which the national resources have been squandered are in excess of all possible requirement. We gravely discuss, at the eleventh hour, the relative functions of the Navy and of coast batteries in regard to defence. Questions of elementary principle are made subjects of warm debate, years after the taxpayer has been heavily mulcted in accordance with some crude provincial view. We obtain a clever machine such as the Brennan torpedo at an extravagant cost, and proceed to distribute it throughout the world at further heavy expense. By-and-bye we shall begin to discuss the suitability of the new weapon to the conditions to which it is already irrevocably committed. In all things, great and small, the question of policy is the last to be discussed. The tail wags the dog. The escapement drives the mainspring. The directing brain is nowhere.

The "Naval and Military Council" which Mr. Stanhope so airily sketched may, if it is properly worked, obviate many of these evils. The Prime Minister is the one person upon whom the responsibility for the safety of the Empire ultimately rests. From a Cabinet Committee presided over by him can alone emanate authoritative decisions upon questions of policy, or it alone can settle matters in debate between the Admiralty and War Office. But it must be open to such a Committee to call in any expert advice it may require, to confront the experts who differ, to hear their opposing views, and decide between them. Mr. Stanhope does not tell us if this is part of his scheme. If not, it is worthless. Once the question of policy is settled, the executive machinery comes into play, and here the War Office is hopelessly deficient. One of the most important of the proposals of Lord Hartington's Commission was the creation of independent Heads of Departments directly responsible to the Secretary of State. At present there is no responsibility of any sort. If the new rifle proves a failure, there is no one to whom the blame could be attached. The responsibility of the Committee is covered by the Director of Artillery, who is covered by the Adjutant-General, who can get behind the Commander-in-Chief, who is shielded by the Secretary of State. Various other personages, more or less exalted, intervene at different stages, and the sequence is not by any means so logically complete as in "the house that Jack built." But Mr. Stanhope has not told us his views on this all-important point. Of all the proposals of the Commission, the creation of the office of a Chief of the Staff has given rise to most discussion. The title has suggested to Mr. Campbell-Bannerman the fear of a war-god, who, occupied continually in preparing for war, may be tempted and able to make war in order to justify his existence. Lord Hartington has clearly explained the views of the Commission, which have been widely misunderstood. The military problems of the British Empire are far more complex than those of other Powers. It is not dealing with numbers which creates difficulties of administration, but wide differences of conditions which have to be satisfied by judicious compromise. The title is of no account. The holder is but one of a council of equals. Unless his colleagues are content to be cyphers, he cannot dominate them. The principle for which Lord Hartington strongly contended is a simple one. The official responsible for the *personnel* of the army, its discipline and its training, cannot possibly find time to study military problems, to watch the progress of other nations, to frame plans of action, and to keep the administrative machine in order. We have tried the experiment, and the failure has become more absolute in face of the vastly increased complexity of military service. All other Powers have unanimously decided upon the necessity for a separation between administrative and executive functions. Great Britain must do the same, or remain a byeword among the nations for administrative incompetence coupled with extravagant expenditure. On this vital point Mr. Stanhope tells us nothing, but the whole question is intimately bound up with that of the status of the Commander-in-Chief, full consideration of which is promised. It is for the country and the Press to insist that the promise is kept.

WANTED, A PALACE OF ART.

THE munificent offer recently made by Mr. Tate to place his collection of modern English pictures at the disposal of the nation, continues to evoke in contemporary columns many expressions of eulogy, criticism, and advice. For some time past the public has been making up its mind to raise a demand for a Gallery of British Art, and, strengthened by Mr. Tate's encouragement, that silent desire has now found utterance, and will not be stifled by any difficulties at all. There can be no doubt, we take it, that a gallery of national pictures is a possession which every self-respecting people should be able to display, and the more immediate question now is what means should be taken to establish it. Where is the gallery to be housed? Who is to pay for its cost? Who are to administer its rules and its riches? What principles, or what conditions are to regulate its birth? The first suggestion which naturally occurs to those unfamiliar with Treasury officials is, that such a gallery should be supplied by the nation. The nation, it is true, is not easy to move, but even the nation can appreciate a good offer, and if private liberality will provide the pictures, it might almost be hoped that the public coffers would provide the house. But those who lightly count upon such prospects know little of the guardians of the nation's purse. The Chancellor of the British Exchequer has no ordinary human heart. He is not to be touched by fantastic ideals of culture or æstheticism, or national pride. Between him and the visionary claims of art there stands the eternal spectre of the Budget. He sits aloof from the imagination of dreamers. He is even inexorable to bribes. In this land of individualistic freedom it is not the State which builds palaces for the treasures which its painters can bestow. Covering its poverty of enterprise with the pretext of a splendid compliment, the State assumes—and experience is witness that the assumption is not without grounds—that its generous citizens will compete together for the honour of defraying all the costs and of undertaking all the burthens which the State declines to bear.

It is, therefore, perhaps a fair inference that an adequate Gallery for British Art will scarcely be

obtained unless private subscriptions at once stimulate the Treasury to action, and abate its fears by showing that the Exchequer will not be asked for much. Without such private generosity we shall probably have to put up with a makeshift. The proposal to store the new pictures in the cheerless corridors of South Kensington, a site already associated with successes that cannot at the highest be deemed to be more than partial, is in itself sufficient to chill the enthusiasm of the most genuine lover of his country's pictures.

If, however, the State decides that it will not build a new palace, it seems possible that a palace may be forthcoming ready-made. During the past week or two advocates of eminence have pleaded for the rival sites and palaces of London. We confess that a gallery at St. James's Palace would have charms and associations not to be denied. But it has yet to be shown that within that ancient foundation there would be light enough to see the pictures, or that there is the remotest prospect that St. James's Palace could really be obtained. Other writers urge the claims of Kensington; and if the old red palace in Kensington Gardens could be secured for the purpose, and so adapted as to suit the ends in view, every one would be glad to see such a gallery there, and a fresh interest would be added to the beautiful park about it. On other suggestions that have been offered we look with an unkinder eye. We do not wish to discourage the system of loans, but we cannot altogether approve of the idea of a national perambulating gallery, taken on tour through the towns and provinces of England, so that every one may see the show. No doubt the notion is essentially just, but to the metropolitan mind it savours of the circus. Nor can we do otherwise than demur to the astonishing demand made on our philanthropy by the suggestion that we should relegate the pictures to the appreciative neighbourhood of the Docks. Those critics perhaps take the truest line who urge that contributors should give their pictures and the public their subscriptions subject only to the requirement that a light and handsome gallery should be built or found somewhere.

When the site of the new gallery has been happily settled, and the endowments which it asks supplied, there will still be room for spacious controversies about the question of its management. It may be easy to choose representative pictures from the works of the dead whom the world consents to honour; but it will be no easy matter to avoid envy in selecting the works of living artists. Even the Academy has not always been so fortunate as to escape the censure of eclectic minds, and we have heard of aspirants who treat the rejection of their works at Burlington House as a distinction to be proclaimed upon the roof-tops of the world.

Then there is the thorny and familiar question whether on Sundays the new gallery shall shut its doors, which, as its protagonists already threaten, will be debated none the less keenly because it has already been debated long. And then too, as if to complicate the problem, some counsellors are urging us to establish showmen, after the recognised method of the East, to explain the general advantages of culture, and to show the people round. With these dark issues looming in the distance, it is at least desirable to clear preliminary difficulties away; and, therefore, we cordially join in urging all the pious founders who are at present holding their large intentions in reserve, to come forward and assist us to choose or to purchase the Palace of Art which Mr. Tate's treasures deserve.

BISMARCK AS A SOCIALIST.

THE German Emperor was little more than three years old when Bismarck in 1862 was called to the leadership of Prussian affairs—a leadership which has been practically uninterrupted, which has come to include the whole of the German Empire, and which has afforded the opportunity of making legislative experiments rarely granted to a statesman of modern times.

Lassalle, the first in Germany to organise Socialism into a political power, commenced his short career of fame and influence within a year of that of the great Prime Minister. He died in 1864, it is true, but the spirit which he infused into the dreamy minds of his followers has proved more potent than any other within the Kaiser's dominions to embarrass the smooth working of the State's machinery.

In whatever way the explanation is made, the fact remains that Bismarckianism and Socialism commenced their German course at about the same time; that the power of the one grew inch by inch with that of the other; that each has attained within the last six months proportions undreamed of by any modern politician.

The votes for the first Parliament of the new German Empire, immediately after the great war with France, included 124,655 for Socialists, a large enough figure to be sure, coming as it did immediately after a great national struggle for existence; but such was the general contempt for those who sought to embarrass the Government at such a time, that few thought Socialism identified with any but fanatics. Bismarck had been a friend of Lassalle, had discussed with the arch-Socialist his doctrines, and had expressed many a compliment upon certain views of the latter which have recently been incorporated in legislation for the working classes; but to encourage a Socialist like Lassalle, who bore more resemblance to a fashionable dandy than an oppressed toiler, was far removed from allowing the masses to seek a solution of the social difficulty on their own account. When, therefore, at the next election this vote of the disaffected had risen to more than 350,000, Bismarck thought it time to interfere, and he did so in a manner characteristic of one whose education and sympathies were with the military and "Yunker" caste. The police engaged what on the Continent are known as *agents provocateurs*—that is to say, they employed men to simulate great zeal for the proscribed cause, in order to gather evidence by which to convict leaders in the movement; and, as recent German trials have proved, it is but too easy to buy the treachery of such as have already earned the confidence of their fellows.

Petty persecution now commenced. The Press regulations were more strictly defined. Every public servant was warned that a Socialist was not,* and could not be, a loyal subject; though Bismarck had not found anything in Lassalle himself to justify such language about his immediate successors. The next election showed the first direct result of persecution by bringing into Parliament twelve Socialist members, instead of the nine who were there before; and the vote cast exceeded that of 1874 by more than 142,000.

This painful result determined the Chancellor to try something more drastic, and his time was well chosen. A young man named Hoedel shot at the venerable Emperor in May, 1877, proving, to the satisfaction of the Government at least, that Socialism was prepared to fortify its political demands by assassination. Parliament was immediately requested to pass a Bill granting the police exceptional powers to deal with this villainous association. The request was refused; not that there existed among the members any lack of love for their Sovereign, or

* "The Social Democrats I do not count as Germans."—Speech a delegation of visitors to Friedrichsruhe on June 22, 1890.

any possible sympathy with Socialistic ideas. They simply did not believe that exceptional legislation would meet the requirements of the case; and the Liberal party *par excellence*, called Freisinnige, which the *Times* correspondent persistently sneers at under the general term of "Radical," maintained with great ability that to single out the Socialists as a political party for persecution would result in strengthening their moral position amongst the lower classes. They themselves were the most pronounced opponents of Socialism; not merely the Socialism formulated by its avowed disciples in the Reichstag, but by Conservative members who infused the spirit of Socialism into measures of a professedly patriotic character. What was needed, argued they, was complete liberty of speech, in order that their teachings might be openly met and controverted, their orators made ridiculous, and their power gradually dissipated.

This view carried the day, whereupon Bismarck dissolved them, and a general election was held.

And, fortunately for him, another unregulated enthusiast called Nobiling, fired upon the Emperor only a few weeks after the first attempt. The Government spared no pains to spread in all official and semi-official papers articles to prove that assassination was one of the necessary results of Socialism; that this, therefore, was no time to debate theories of government, but to punish summarily criminals bent upon taking the life of a beloved monarch.

A Bill more stringent than the one rejected in 1877 was passed by the Parliament elected in 1878—an election which showed already a diminution in Socialist strength—not, however, because of the Bill, but from the fact that many who had formerly shown spmpathy with Socialism withdrew it the moment it appeared that its disciples could become criminals in the furtherance of their principles. This should have been a lesson to the Iron Chancellor; for it pointed to a growing sentiment against violent methods, and excellent spirit towards the Government. The next election, that of 1881, showed a still greater falling off in the Socialist vote, the total being but a trifle over 300,000. At this point a wise man would have recognised the expediency of abolishing the odious legislation that was originally projected as a very temporary necessity. Time and the police had amply vindicated the proscribed party as having had no relation with the would-be assassins, any more than that any party in America had been responsible for the shooting of President Garfield by Guiteau, or of President Lincoln by Booth. But Bismarck found government by police very convenient, not merely for the harassing of Socialistic editors and speakers, but of those of other opposition parties as well, notably the Freisinnige. The same police that assisted in stopping meetings of suspicious labourers was equally efficient in stopping meetings where Bismarck's measures were criticised from other standpoints than those merely of Lassalle. Thus George Von Bunsen was prosecuted by Bismarck for having denounced to his constituents fiscal measures of a "high-protection" character; for preaching the gospel according to Adam Smith. The patience of even good people commenced to wear out when they discovered that a law directed nominally against a small body of bad people was in fact turned equally against the liberties of every one differing with the Chancellor.

From this time on we have the following Parliamentary returns for Socialist Members of the Reichstag:—

1884 ... 549,090 | 1887 ... 763,128 | 1890 ... 1,427,323.

This year's votes give us an increase of 664,195 over 1887, and nearly one million increase over the vote of 1884—truly a remarkable result for a measure passed for no other reason than that Bismarck assured the people that this and this only would put an end to Socialism in Germany.

So great has been the political influence of this great man, that had he proposed the introduction of the Inquisition, with the assurance that in his hands it would work much better than it did in those of Philip of Spain, there is good reason to think that a Parliamentary majority of cultivated, if not scholarly, Germans would have voted with their idol on this subject.

For a generation Germany has been educated by Bismarck; and since the close of the war with France the country, over which he has presided with all but omnipotence, has experienced an internal change that is anything but encouraging for the Emperor, who has now sought to stem the tide of his late Minister's influence. Since Bismarck's active participation in domestic legislation, open and free discussion of Free Trade and Protection has become dangerous, and even the Universities have learned to take the colour of their lectures from the Wilhelm Strasse. The Socialism which the police has sought in vain to combat has given place to a so-called "State-Socialism" more pernicious still, in that it basks in official favour, and has for its object the relegating to Government duties which belong properly to the individual.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

THE SPEAKER'S GALLERY.

I.—CARDINAL NEWMAN.

MEN are to be found in these days, bold, bad men no doubt, ready to declare they have heard enough of the Oxford Movement; that they resent as affected and overdone the reverential attitude it has become traditional to assume towards it; that it was (so they may be heard asserting) a short-sighted view of history and tradition; that it was not even supplied with the tools of research and criticism; that it never took hold of national thought or feeling, but remained from first to last a magnificent clique; that it has long since spent itself out, and deserves to be forgotten. It wrote the "Tracts" and edited the "Fathers," but the "Tracts" gather dust upon the shelf, while the "Fathers" have been handed over to the tender mercies of Archdeacon Farrar, in whose hands, naturally enough, they appear more babyish than ever.

This is sheer impatience, even truculent impatience, but it contains a note of warning.

The Oxford Movement has come to as complete an end as anything can in this world. Its leader is not only a Cardinal of the Roman Church, but the author of a book—"Lectures on Certain Difficulties felt by Anglicans in submitting to the Catholic Church" (1850)—which, in point of style and warm human interest, is worth all the "Tracts" that were ever written, in which he positively pokes fun at the Movement, heaps scorn upon the Movement, blows the Movement from the mouth of an oratorical cannon loaded, as only he knows how to load such a cannon, up to the very nose with arguments so varied, illustrations so enlightening, pleading so tender, sarcasm so biting, that when the book is closed the reader does not so much as cast a glance round for fragments of the Movement; he knows the Movement has for ever disappeared. So far as we are aware no reply was attempted to this onslaught. Newman was allowed to slay his own child in silence. It is seldom such a spectacle is witnessed as a man turning in intellectual scorn upon his former self, and raking out the holes in which he once found shelter. Newman did it mercilessly, and therefore effectually. He pulled down the nests and the rooks returned no more.

In considering the Cardinal's hold upon English literature, we must be as remorseless as he was himself, and cut ourselves adrift from the Oxford Movement, and even—to some extent, at least—from the pulpit of St. Mary's. We must forget the retreat at Littlemore. It may seem ungracious to do this, and, in our milder moods, it is certainly hard. The

memories of those days are most musical, most melancholy, to all who possess them; whilst those who possess no memories find an aroma clinging to the bare records of a time when taste, temper, and poetry presided over the cauldron of religious controversy. The history of religious thought and emotion in this country is usually so harsh, crude, and vulgar, that when it is the contrary of all this we prize its memory.

But as time goes on it will become more and more difficult and at last impossible to recall the past, and to reproduce artificially the very peculiar and non-natural atmosphere that surrounded the Oxford Movement. It will become stranger and stranger, the beauties will seem less beautiful, and the oddities still odder. Even the "Apologia" itself will puzzle more than it pleases.

Newman's great literary characteristics, which place him in the very forefront of English authors, his force, his fancy, his oratorical rush upon his opponent, are not to be looked for in the "Apologia" (1864), or in the "Essay on Development" (1845), or in the "History of the Arians" (1833), or even in the "Parochial Sermons" (1837-1842), things of beauty, cold beauty as those are, but in the books he has written since his mind has swung at ease in the anchorage of Rome, since he cast off the restraints of an awkward attitude; in his "Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England" (1851), in his "Lectures on Anglican Difficulties" (1850), in his three books on "University Teaching" (1852-1856-1859), in his "Sermons to Mixed Congregations" (1850), in his "Discussions and Arguments" (1872).

The contrast between the Anglican and the Catholic writer is enormous. It is like the meeting of great waters. The one restrained, at times uneasy, eminently unpopular, remote from the trodden paths of feeling; the other exuberant, though never redundant, triumphant, sometimes almost to the pitch of boisterousness, sweeps along, marshalling his forces, polishing his epigrams, and making his appeals, no longer to the scholar and theologian and prim church-goer, but to the man in the street—the rank and file of humanity.

In reading these writings of Cardinal Newman's, to some only of which we have specifically referred, the great quality which first manifests itself is his splendid fancy. In the actual, positive restraint which he places upon the exuberant energy of this gift or faculty he shows himself the artist. It never runs away with him; it is his servant, not his master. But his readers are not conscious of the curb—they believe themselves to be revelling and rioting, whilst in reality they are being driven steadily along.

The subjects which delight Dr. Newman are not theological or purely philosophical subjects, but those mixed questions of history and morals and probabilities which really enter into men's minds and form the staple of their beliefs, prejudices, and prepossessions.

In dealing with subjects of this kind, this scholar and celibate, this "pilgrim pale with Paul's sad girdle bound," glows with all the enthusiasm and employs all the devices of the greatest of advocates, displays the knowledge and appositeness of the most accomplished man of the world, and winds himself in and out of his subject with the finished ease of a great leader of Parliamentary Debate. To prove these words, if proof be needed, would be easy enough were space for half a dozen quotations at our disposal. It is not, but we will press upon any reader as yet in ignorance (which is an unblessed state) of the general run of the Cardinal's writings, since he cast off his Anglicanism, to read the "Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England." We prophesy the feeling excited by their perusal will be one of mingled amazement and delight—amazement at their enormous force, and delight in their consummate literary skill and artifice.

These lectures are an admirable example of Dr. Newman's favourite method. They are not concerned with the truth of Catholicism, they do not even deny in terms the truth of Protestantism. Logically, their effect would remain the same had they been written by, let us say, Dr. Maitland or Mr. Rose. It is apparently a light-hearted book, written in tremendous spirits, bubbling over with fun, decorated with countless fancies—yet what was the task it set itself to perform? Nothing less than this, to roll back the great Protestant tradition, of the court, the law, of society, and literature; to remove whole mountains of prejudice; to cleanse the Protestant mind of all the slimy traces of slander; to shiver in pieces the prejudices of centuries; and to let the old Faith of Englishmen stand forth as a body of doctrine, and rule of life, which though possibly false, nay, even dangerous, is yet not demonstrably founded upon the corruption of man's heart, or directly responsible for every crime in the calendar—what a task! Protestants though we are, we can scarce forbear to cheer. The mastery displayed by Dr. Newman in grappling with it is beyond praise, and without precedent. He is all that Burke is, and genuinely playful besides. He successfully conceals the prodigious effort he is making, and the enormous importance of the verdict for which he is striving. An abler book it would be impossible to name.

Another quality of these writings is their warm colouring and glow. They are full of life and movement. As we read we hear the

> "Murmur of Living
> Stir of Existence,
> Soul of the World."

Take down from the shelf the "Discourses to Mixed Congregations," and read the sixth, entitled "God's Will the End of Life," with its picture of "this vain, unprofitable, yet over-bearing world," of its shops and newspapers, "discoveries in art and science, discoveries (so-called) in religion, the court, royalty, the entertainments of the great, places of amusement, strange trials, offences, accidents, escapes, exploits, experiments, contests, ventures. Oh! this curious, restless, clamorous, panting being, which we call life." Turn a few pages and you may find yourself reading, "You think it the sign of a gentleman to set yourselves above religion, to criticise the religious and professors of religion, to look at Catholic and Methodist with impartial contempt, to gain a smattering of knowledge on a number of subjects, to dip into a number of frivolous publications, if they are popular, to have read the latest novel, to have heard the singer and seen the actor of the day, to be up to the news, to know the names and if so be the persons of public men, to be able to bow to them, to walk up and down the street with your heads on high and to stare at whatever meets you; and to say and do worse things of which these outward extravagances are but the symbol. And this is what you conceive you have come upon earth for! The Creator made you, it seems, my children, for this work and office, to be a bad imitation of polished ungodliness, to be a piece of tawdry and faded finery, or a scent which has lost its freshness and does but offend the sense." Throughout the length and breadth of Dr. Newman's Catholic writings is to be noticed this alertness for humanity, this quickness of eye and ear. He cares little for the abstract, for theory, for treatises and disquisitions, even for theology. His great dread is Atheism, a foe of whom he never speaks save with bated breath. How may mankind best be saved from Atheism? This question is for ever sounding in his ears. This eminently practical way of looking at things gives a unity to his numerous writings. We soon learn what he will be at, and how questions will strike him. This is to know an author, when you know beforehand not what he will say, but how he will set about saying it.

It must not be inferred from anything that has been said that Cardinal Newman's interest in humanity has made him a democrat. How that may be is not for us to guess, but there is certainly nothing in his writings which shows any admiration

for the common people as such. Hartley Coleridge once wrote an essay to prove Shakespeare a Tory—there is material for an essay to prove Newman one.

Amongst the most magnificent of Dr. Newman's writings must be included his "Lectures on the Scope and Extension of University Education." They are not in accord with dominant notions, but if the opinions there expounded, enforced, and illustrated are indeed dead, never did dead opinions lie more richly enshrined.

We are not here concerned with the truth or falsehood of Dr. Newman's position. We are considering him as a great author, as a master of "the thought and the word, distinct but inseparable from each other." He himself has said, "And since the thoughts and reasoning of an author have a personal character, no wonder that his style is not only the image of his subject but of his mind. That pomp of language, that full and tuneful diction, that felicitousness in the choice and exquisiteness in the collocation of words which to prosaic writers seem artificial, is nothing else but the mere habit and way of a lofty intellect."

What Dr. Newman wrote of others may be said of him. That style of his, what is it but the mere habit and way of a lofty intellect? It is this and more, it is also the reflex of a benignant spirit.

But though we are not concerned with truth, we are sorely reluctant to leave Dr. Newman with nothing better on our lips or more enduring on our mind than praise of his style. This perpetual twaddle about style is becoming just a little sickening. After all, the thought is the thing. When a great writer has a great style, we may, and in the case of Dr. Newman we do, thank God for the union; when, as in the case of Bishop Butler, the style is lacking we need only say it is a pity; but when some starveling intellect prates about his cadences, one longs for cudgels.

We will therefore bring these few remarks—and they make no pretence to be anything else—to a close by quoting a famous passage from the Cardinal's letter to the Duke of Norfolk (1875):—"This at least is how I read the doctrine of Protestants as well as of Catholics. The rule and measure of duty is not utility, nor expedience, nor the happiness of the greatest number, nor state convenience, nor fitness, order, and the *pulchrum*. Conscience is not a longsighted selfishness, nor a desire to be consistent with oneself, but it is a messenger from Him who both in nature and in grace speaks to us behind a veil, and teaches and rules us by His representatives. Conscience is the aboriginal Vicar of Christ, a prophet in its informations, a monarch in its peremptoriness, a priest in its blessings and anathemas, and even though the eternal priesthood throughout the Church could cease to be, in it the sacerdotal principle would remain and would have a sway."

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

XI.—A Woman's Notes in the Park.

THERE is no place in England so typical of English life as Hyde Park, and none that may be viewed under such varied aspects. At all hours of the day it is full of people who in one way or another find amusement there, though perhaps the first to enter are the labourers, who at the faint red streak of dawn make their way across it to their work—some singly, some in twos, mostly smoking, and all carrying little bundles that contain their mid-day meals. Then come the earliest riders, who are only in search of exercise, the "liver brigade," professional rough-riders, and now and then a young girl, bright with health and animal spirits, flashing past them like a meteor as her fair hair streams behind her, and her staid elderly groom comes pounding heavily in her track. At this time, three or four days in the week, a squadron of the Blues or the Life Guards is paraded in the turf enclosure.

Between nine and ten the wealthy professional or business men who live in aristocratic precincts take a few turns in the Row on the way to their usual haunts. Among them are a few judges, many barristers, a sprinkling of doctors (noticeable for their bad seats), and some highly placed Government officials. These ride in little knots, and are full of professional chatter.

The Row shows the Rambler its brightest side about ten, when those who wish to recruit, after a long day and inadequate night, freshen themselves for new labours; and pretty women, sitting well back in their saddles, look delightfully at ease in skirts and sailor hats, while the men wear breeches and brown boots. There are good riders enough to enable us to maintain a marked supremacy over other countries in this respect; but there are also many bad ones. A stout woman, whose ambition seems to be a "Cavalry seat," suffers intensely during its acquirement; and a thin figureless damsel has a habit that wrinkles round her waist, and an anxiety in her eyes that events combine to justify—these two are sufficient to leaven a very big lump of excellence.

As noon approaches, more smart people congregate. All the chairs on either side of the road from the Achilles statue to Albert Gate are occupied, while before them passes a full-flowing tide of fashionable folk. In the week between Epsom and Ascot the park at this time is a rare sight on a fine day. Warm sunlight floods the scene, and makes more brilliant the masses of bright flowers, while the beautiful trees, so often resorted to as shelter, form now a pleasant shade for the mixed crowd.

Every possible variety is there: the vacuous grinning "masher"; the British soldier-officer in hundreds, each in trim of hair and moustaches as well as garb almost exactly like the other. Some, you can see by their bronzed complexions and a certain alertness which proves them to be new to the scene, have lately returned from the East, and you may even guess the length of their "leave" by the cut of their coats, for the elegant "frock" is seldom worn in India, and is not often invested in for less than "six months."

There are, too, the old *militaires en retraite* of the Major Pendennis school, fierce and saliently clean; sleek-looking divines; and country squires, well-fed, ruddy, and loud-voiced.

The women may be briefly divided into two classes—the many who come to *see*, and those who are accustomed to *be seen*. One is twisting and turning her neck in a vain endeavour to bring everything at once into her ken; the other displays either studied unconsciousness or real indifference towards the crowd. Here is the "woman of thirty" who has adorned numberless French novels, and more lately has been taken as a favourite study by English writers. She has lost her first youth, but the pallor of her cheek is more interesting than a healthful commonplace bloom. No wonder men adore her: there are two beside her now who would commit any folly for her sake. One is a *blasé* sallow-visaged man, with heavy eyelids and the dropped jaw you see in those who have had the misfortune to travel from Beersheba to Dan and find all barren, who, no longer knowing the delights of anticipation, do not even look backward with any pleasure. But he is stirred now. You can see it in the quick glance at his companion—as with listless fingers she caresses her dog; and his ill-concealed impatience at the presence of a third person.

You may note other things if you are attentive. The increasing use of paint and dyes is to be deplored, but, to slightly paraphrase two lines by Rudyard Kipling—

"As it was in the beginning
So is now *all social* sinning,"

and Jezebel has been unfairly singled out to instance a fashionable folly from which other equally great ladies are not exempt. I wonder who started handshaking with a squared elbow from an elevation, quite forgetting that the line of beauty is a curve.

Here comes a man who knows everybody seemingly, and when he shakes hands first with someone on his right and again with someone on his left, you see the awkwardness of another English custom. A Frenchman would give his right hand to anyone within easy touch of it, but would never reach across himself in that undignified fashion. Yet if an Englishman gave his left hand to a lady it would be regarded as an insult, and *vice versâ* —well, it would be considered too much honour. Certainly we are a stiff and somewhat ungainly nation.

With what a business-like stolidity the men set to work to enjoy themselves; in their manner the grace of easy self-surrender is conspicuously absent; there is even something of British bull-dogism in the way the women wear their best clothes, as though defying elements that are bound to be unpropitious. A climate like ours is an excuse for being inappropriately clad, but how often a pretty frock is spoilt by the juxtaposition of bad boots, and how few are *bien gantée*. Then how they walk! There is not one woman in a hundred can cross a room or a garden with any credit to herself.

Near the Serpentine a very different scene is being enacted at this hour. Old gentlemen are feebly doddering under the trees, and children are sailing boats on which, in some instances, several guineas have been expended. The nursemaids have their own ideas of enjoyment, and very proud is she who has attracted a gay Life Guardsman to her side, though to the honour a definite pecuniary value is said to be attached.

But at half-past one the Park begins to empty, and by two the crowd has dispersed like snow before the sun. The institution of five o'clock teas and ladies' afternoon card parties, which are prevalent to an almost incredible extent, has completely spoilt the before-dinner parade which some twenty years ago was one of the London shows. Carriages three or four deep, containing some of the best-known and most beautiful women in town, followed each other in endless procession. But this function has fallen into disuse among the very great ones, and is now chiefly confined to the upper middle classes and country cousins who come to do the Park in shabby flys and hired broughams. The nicest people who walk there at that hour have arranged to find each other on the far side of the Row; and there is usually a select crowd near the Achilles statue on Sunday morning; while the rest are parading down the drive.

At eight o'clock the going out of the Royal Humane Society boats is the signal for a crowd of bathers to plunge into the water like a flock of scared ducks; and from that time the Park is only frequented by the lower classes, the more respectable being kept away by the too open love-making that takes place there. The men know no fine shades and gradations in the art that Ovid taught, and their sweethearts are equally demonstrative and wanting in delicacy. You are tempted more than once to echo Goethe's saying—"Alas! she was not lovely when she loved: the greatest misery that can befall a woman"—as you pass one couple after another; and are glad to emerge at Hyde Park Corner even into a sea of traffic.

But looking backward, you see the Park at its very best. The grass stretches into distance like a sea of light, chastened by the dark splendour of the trees that overshade it. The whole scene is etherealised and made more lovely by the rays of a rising moon.

THE OPERA.

FRENCH art is in the ascendant just now at our theatres, musical as well as dramatic. At only too many of our play-houses adaptations from the French are being performed. At Her Majesty's Theatre Sarah Bernhardt has been representing Joan of Arc in a drama to which illustrative music has been supplied by Gounod. Finally, at the Royal Italian Opera the latest attraction has been *Le Prophète* sung in French, with the principal tenor, M. Jean de Reszké, and the principal mezzo-soprano of the Paris Opera, Mademoiselle Richard, in the two leading characters.

For want of something better to write about, certain newspaper correspondents have lately been trying to account for the falling off which they claim to have noticed in the gifts, powers, and accomplishments of our operatic vocalists; and one writer has come to the conclusion that the supposed disappearance of fine singers is due to the loudness and variety of the modern orchestral accompaniments—as if the Royal Italian Opera did not possess as good a company of singers now as belonged to it in the year 1847 when *Le Prophète* was brought out at that theatre, only a few months after its production in Paris. Roger, Tamberlik, Mario, Gayarré have all appeared at the Royal Italian Opera in the part of "John of Leyden;" but not one of them sang, played, and looked the part as it is now sung, played, and looked by M. Jean de Reszké.

Nor has any such Fidès ever before appeared at the Royal Italian Opera as the one we have now with us in the person of Mademoiselle Richard. From Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia—the first, and in some respects the best representative, at the Royal Italian Opera, of Fidès, to Madame Schalchi, the last, and altogether the worst—no such Fidès has been seen and heard at this establishment as that of Mademoiselle Richard. Neither her soft, rich voice, nor her expressive, truly dramatic style are more remarkable than the quaint picturesqueness of her appearance, which suggests a figure by Albert Dürer, and at once recalls the period of the drama.

Jean de Reszké is what the Germans call an "heroic tenor" of the most perfect type. His voice is as manly as his bearing; and in the scenes where John of Leyden is more a fantastic than a conscious impostor, he sings and acts as if with genuine inspiration. He is not, indeed, the John of Leyden of history; he is the John of Leyden of Scribe and of Meyerbeer, who, for purposes of their own, thought fit to transform the austere leader of Anabaptists into a white-robed armour-clad knight—at once a reminiscence of Raoul in *Les Huguenots* and an anticipation of *Lohengrin*. The warrior-saint is more or less in his true character when he sings, in the finale to the second act, the noble hymn to the rising sun. But John of Leyden in the magnificent Coronation Act is John of Leyden no longer. The scene is magnificent, but not historical. John was an Anabaptist, not a Roman Catholic; and the splendour of the coronation ceremonies, with its Catholic ritual ceremonies and Catholic chants, is by no means in harmony with the situation. Deprive it, however, of all its special ecclesiastical character, and we should lose the finest music in *Le Prophète*—the finest music, perhaps, that Meyerbeer ever composed.

That such works as Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette*, Gounod's *Faust*, and Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, should be played, even at an Italian Opera House, in the French language, is justifiable, and indeed commendable, since we have thus the advantage of having the music sung to the words which first inspired it. It is difficult, however, to understand why *Esmeralda*, composed by Mr. Goring Thomas to an English libretto, should be produced to-night at the Royal Italian Opera in a French version. The simple explanation probably is that a French translation of

Esmeralda exists, whereas an Italian translation of it does not. Mr. Thomas's opera was translated into French some few years ago, with a view to production at Brussels, where, however, by reason of some objection on the part of the Society of French Dramatic Authors, it was not brought out. The only English vocalist in the cast of this fortunate work is Madame Melba. The other singers are either French, like Dufriche and Lassalle, or in the constant habit of singing in French, like the two de Reszkés.

The indefatigable manager will, at the end of next week, give a representation of M. Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*, which, chiefly for the convenience of M. Lassalle, who is to impersonate the Prince of Denmark, will be sung in French. But in this case, as in those of *Faust*, *Roméo*, and *Le Prophète*, the opera will, quite properly, be given in its own original language. The same remark applies to the meditated performance of *Carmen*, with M. Jean de Reszké in the part of Don José, which will probably be the closing performance of the season.

THREE IN THE DAWN.

OVERHEAD, the moonlight, which had been intensely blue, was just paling before dawn. Under the sycamores that line the street where my lodgings are, and keep it cool through a London summer, the gas-lamps were still flaring. It was two o'clock in the morning. I had heard a clock strike as I came round the corner past the public-house, on my way homewards from Mrs. B.'s dance; and, reaching my lodgings, I paused with my hand on the garden-gate to note for a moment longer this curious war of moonlight with gaslight, silver with gold, in the branches above me. Three sparrows hopped about in the road. Across the way rose a tall garden-wall; behind it a thrush began to pipe in a half-hearted fashion, and stopped. A tortoise-shell cat crept along the top, paused, looked round, and went on again stealthily, with her back well down.

The sound of a sigh, close at hand, made me turn my head.

My lodgings are semi-detached, and the house adjoining had remained empty for some time, with a grimy notice-board stuck askew in the patch of neglected garden that ran parallel with ours. I moved a step or two, and looked in through the rails.

Close beneath me, in the angle formed by street-wall and party-wall, a woman was curled up, asleep; and close against her, on a corner of grey shawl, a very small tabby cat, asleep also.

The woman's back was turned to me; and as her head rested in the darkest shadow, I could make no guess at her face. She was old, however; for a wisp of grey hair lay on the nape of her neck, below a bonnet of crushed artificial flowers. And she seemed a quite little creature. The one cashmere boot, laced at the side, that peeped from under her crumpled black skirt, was hardly bigger than a doll's. The sole had sadly broken away from the upper.

I had been looking for twenty seconds, perhaps, when the tabby cat stretched out its hind legs rigidly, and awoke. As if by magic its mistress opened her eyes too, and, before I dreamt of being caught, had skipped up on her feet and confronted me.

"Young man, I'm afraid I was showing my ankles."

She rapped out the words briskly, in a cultivated voice. Her eyes were like black beads, as they interrogated me; and I remarked at once that although her face was peaked and famished, its complexion would challenge a girl's.

"It was a very little," said I; "nothing worth mention."

"Ah, that is polite of you, but I'm incorrigible. You've no idea how difficult I find it to adapt myself to this life. If I were only American, now—but I'm English, blood and bone. We want receptiveness, elasticity. I come of a Norfolk family myself—eh, a good family, *bien entendu*—but hardened in the mould. I despair of concealing my ankles. That reminds me, have you been dancing?"

"Yes."

"May I ask where?"

I told her.

"Dear me, it's surprising how that neighbourhood has altered." She hardly gave me time to feel annoyed before she went on: "One acquires a trick of resenting all change, but really it is pure cowardice. I am conscious of being the better for change myself. Just think! I might have died without seeing more than one side of life. As it is, I have got the utmost out of it, and in the best way. One should be up first, and then down. Those who rise from the gutter take some of its mud up with them: those who drop from the stars bring down gold to the gutter. That's the way to reform society—eh? Don't talk to me of raising the lower orders. Let the upper classes come to grief—that's the right plan."

She began to take down her back hair, and replait it, keeping her beady eyes fixed on mine all the while.

"All the same I find it hard, sometimes," she pursued, nodding, with a hairpin in her mouth; "that's why I take Eugène about with me."

"Eugène?"

"Eugène's the cat—ah! my scamp, my demon, my little lover!" The cat stretched himself up against her gown, sheathing his claws in the faded alpaca. "He's a bad boy, is Eugène—but excellent company, because he's such a gentleman. He reconciles me. Yet what a small change it is, compared with what's going on up yonder!"

She nodded again, this time towards the chimney-pots. I looked up. They were shining like burnished gold in the first rays of the sun. Above them, the great depths of moonlight were now filled up; the sky had drawn nearer to earth, and was flecked with lazy clouds, faintly tinged with yellow along their eastern edges.

"That's the really important change—only folks don't notice it." She paused with her hands behind her, twined in her grey locks; and said slowly, "In my day I used to dance the Varsoviana where you danced last night—on the very same floor, I daresay. Do they dance the Varsoviana nowadays?"

"I never even heard the name before."

"It went something like this:—*Tumtitum tid-dy tům, tumtitum tid-dy tům.*" . . .

She actually began to skip around in the dismal garden, humming the air and pointing a little cashmere boot whenever the accent fell. Eugène frisked around after her, and I stared in at them through the railing.

"That's something like it," she panted, stopping suddenly. "But if you really want to know the way, you should——"

"What?"

"'Ask a p'liceman' as a vulgar song says: there's one coming."

In fact a steady footfall was approaching up the street.

"I'm glad it's R 38: I know his step. He's not more than passably intelligent—but such shoulders! I dote on physique. Good morning, R 38!"

"Mornin'," answered the constable, coming to a halt and slowly regarding us.

"I'm holding quite a *salon*, I declare. Ah, my dears, the wits that used to be glad to muster round me, once on a time!—statesmen, writers, painters, actors (but they could talk only of themselves), bishops (Eugène is delightfully like a bishop, at times),—but no policemen. Now that was a mistake, which I've learned to rectify. They are the most fascinating of all, for their life is the most fascinating. They walk abroad under moonlight and gaslight, to the tune of dance-music, with intervals of romantic silence——"

"'Ow about the cats?" inquired R 38.

"They go by the sleeping house, the house of the wife-beater, the house where lovers lean on the balcony. They meet the men and women who have led picturesque lives and sleep when they can. They come on murder in dark corners and drunkenness in the broad street. They occasionally have the privilege of chatting with me."

"She's a bit touched in the 'ead, but 'armless," said the constable. I supposed him to be addressing me, but his gaze wandered up the street. "Do you live next door?" he asked.

I said that I did.

"I'll turn 'er hout, if you like."

"Not on any account. Who is she?"

"Lord knows, sir, except that she's always about with her cat."

The old lady heard us and came closer, till she popped her chin out over the railings.

"I'll tell you," she said quickly, and whispered a name.

The constable had never heard of it before, I fancy, for he went on looking up the street and then at the house-fronts, and finally at the sky, with the same dull stare. But I had heard of it.

Thirty years before it had meant fame, wealth, and beauty; had headed subscription lists, and been quoted wherever people met who either were "smart" or wished to appear so. Then for a fortnight the whole town had carried it about on scandalised lips; and after that silence overtook it.

With a great pity I looked towards her. She was kneeling now on the garden bed, untying a blue bundle that had served her for a pillow through the night.

"You must go away, now, both of you," she said, nodding up at us once more; "because it's time for me to dress. I'm afraid I shall have to leave this neighbourhood after what I've told you. But change of air will do me good."

This was most pathetic of all—her belief that people still remembered her fall. She pulled half-a-dozen small coloured bows out of her handkerchief and began to pin them about her dress. The constable wished me good-morning and moved away. I went indoors to bed.

While slipping off my white tie I heard the gate click, next door, and looked out. She had finished her toilet and was walking rapidly away down the street, between the quiet houses, with Eugène trotting at her heels.

Q.

THE WEEK.

Not by strikes only are we reminded of the brightening prospects of trade. At the Savoy Hotel last week some people, whose names, since they are not distinguished, may be in kindness omitted, sat down to a dinner costing no less than £15 a head. They drank a vulgar assortment of wines dating from the year when men of higher stomach fought at Waterloo, and, for dessert, they had the fruit served on the trees, so that the guests might pluck the peaches and cherries for themselves. Another sign of the times is the publication of *Beauty's Queens*, a new monthly magazine. It lets you have a portrait that a young man by the name of Guppy would have lost his heart to, and letterpress of the following order—"her foot, one of the prettiest in England, small and slender, with a high instep and a *petit bout de derrière* which would have set Balzac raving, almost as much as would the slim ankle above it. Need I expatiate on further beauties?" The price is 1s. Now either the publisher has made an error of judgment, or this land is inconveniently crowded with shillings.

The trouble in Bow Street can scarcely be said to have agitated the metropolis. Most people have gone about their affairs in absolute indifference to the threat of the withdrawal of police protection for life and property. This apathy was curiously illustrated by a remark overheard in a train on the District Railway. A citizen glanced out of the window at the contents bill of an evening paper. "There's something the matter with the police," he observed tranquilly. "I wonder what they have been doing."

Several peers have been mentioned as likely to succeed Lord Carrington at Sydney. Lord Lothian is understood to have declined the appointment, but Lord Balfour of Burleigh is still on the cards. The latest rumour points to Lord Ebrington, but it is not probable that he will resign his seat in the House of Commons for a Colonial governorship which demands a considerable private purse from a noble.

We spoke last week of the generous manner in which Dr. Percival and his colleagues at Rugby School are endowing the day boys. It is a particular pleasure, therefore, to note this week that the good fortune of the school is being helped in other quarters. Mrs. Stovin, the widow of the Rev. C. F. Stovin, an old Rugbeian, has lately bestowed on Rugby a benefaction of £10,000, in memory of her husband. It will take effect on her death, and is to be devoted to scholarships and exhibitions, and, generally, to the assistance of meritorious Rugbeians.

The Master of Balliol is tireless in his generosity to the College. It is not long since he provided the magnificent organ in the College hall. He has now given £3,000 to help the College to acquire a cricket-ground. The total cost will be £11,200, of which £8,100 is already raised. £700 is subscribed by those "sordid blackguards," the Fellows and Lecturers of the College. The ground lies at the back of Holywell. What with this and the scheme for cricket in the parks at Oxford, the grounds at Cowley, and the drags that

> "the philosopher rates
> With a scorn that is truly sublime,"

seem doomed.

Monday, the feast of the translation of St. Thomas à Becket, witnessed an odd revival of the old Canterbury Pilgrimages. About three hundred Roman Catholic pilgrims assembled and visited the Cathedral where their saint was murdered, and the shrine where his bones rested for centuries. The roads along which Chaucer's company jogged to the Tabard Inn are still marked out by lines of yew-trees. But these good Catholics came by rail, and held their service, not in the cathedral, but in their own church. It was all very *fin de siècle*, and rather pathetic.

Another pilgrimage is announced by the London and North-Western Railway. It is to be a one day's excursion to Shakespeare's county. As the programme will include visits to Kenilworth and Warwick Castles as well as to Stratford-on-Avon, it is obvious that the solemn musings of the pilgrims will have to be economised. "It is intended," says the announcement, "to send a guide with each party to do all the duties of conducting, explaining, and generally arranging," and as we are told that "no thought need be given by intending excursionists," he will probably do the deep reflections also.

The fortunes of Mr. Samson Fox, whose munificent donation of £45,000 to the Royal College of Music has been again the theme of conversation during the week, are founded upon his invention of the "corrugated boiler flue," a very simple device

by which the strength and durableness of the boilers of our steam-engines have been greatly increased. It was in these circumstances appropriate that at the laying of the foundation-stone of the college on Tuesday, MR. FOX should have presented the PRINCE OF WALES, not with the traditional silver trowel, but with one made from a portion of one of his corrugated boilers.

IT seems strange that the great Polish poet, ADAM MIĆKIEWICZ, whose remains were re-interred last week in the Cathedral of Cracow, should be so little known in England. In his own land he is such a popular, such a national figure, that his funeral procession was followed last Friday by tens of thousands of Poles from all parts of the divided but not yet disheartened country. Cracow is the necropolis of the Polish kings; and COUNT TARNOWSKI, in the address he pronounced over MIĆKIEWICZ'S coffin, said that having no longer any kings to bury, Poland would grant a place in its historic cathedral to the ashes of its greatest poet; who, he continued, had given dignity to the story of his country's last struggles.

A FEW of MIĆKIEWICZ'S smaller poems have been translated into English by MISS ORLEBAR; and DR. GARNETT, of the British Museum, has made English versions of two of his sonnets. All his works have been translated into French, with the exception of his lectures on the Sclavonians, which were delivered in French. These lectures, scarcely known in England, have all been translated into German. MIĆKIEWICZ'S "Book of the Polish Pilgrims" was translated into French—or rather put into simple eloquent French from someone else's translation—by GEORGES SAND; and LAMMENAIS translated it in his "Paroles d'un Croyant."

FINALLY the whole of MIĆKIEWICZ'S works have been translated into French by another Polish poet, CHRISTIAN OSTROWSKI. Those who do not understand Polish, and who wish to understand something of MIĆKIEWICZ, must feel grateful to OSTROWSKI, who might, but for MIĆKIEWICZ'S opinion to the contrary, be thought to have done his work remarkably well. The great poet was not by any means pleased with OSTROWSKI'S prose version of his poems, though a translator does less harm to a poem by turning it into plain prose, than by giving to it a new versification of his own. All the freshness, all the fragrance of the original seemed in the passage from one language into another to have disappeared. Any pride which MIĆKIEWICZ might previously have taken in his own really sublime poetry, disappeared when he beheld himself translated. "God," he said to a Polish friend, who repeated the words to the present writer, "has sent OSTROWSKI to me as a humiliation."

PRINCE KROPOTKIN'S lecture at the Portman Rooms on Wednesday hardly went beyond an interesting lesson on the physical geography of Siberia, touching only lightly on the part of the subject in which he and his hearers may be presumed to feel the deepest concern. STEPNIAK speaks next week at the same time and place on "TOLSTOI, as novelist and social reformer." The two lecturers are akin not only in race and sentiment, but in being possessed of a certain absurdly delicate apprehension that they are "boring" the British people when they get upon the subject of wrongs and grievances.

THE Society of Authors dined and talked at the Criterion Restaurant on Tuesday evening. MR. WALTER BESANT asserted that very few publications were without profit to the publisher, and that "risk" in publication should be left out of the account. These be prave orts, and there was no publisher present to contradict them. MR. BESANT holds there are fifty living novelists who earn incomes of one thousand a year. We think it very probable, and equally improbable that they earn it by their fiction alone. The *St. James's Gazette* the other day asserted that £50,000 was an excessive price to pay for a year's yield of fiction. This is the right Podsnap view, of course. This income would not be grudged to one manufacturer of margarine, nor to a showman; but when literature and the happiness and education of millions are concerned, it is another matter with your lower-middle classes.

ALL students and admirers of good work in dialect will be glad that the Treasury has authorised a grant of £150 to MR. BEN BRIERLY, the Lancashire poet, who is disabled by ill health, and in needy circumstances.

MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN has been consulting theatrical managers with regard to the dramatisation of his novel. He is convinced that "When We were Boys" would be very striking on the stage. On this point there may be some difference of opinion. MR. O'BRIEN'S novel has many merits, but the story is wanting in dramatic movement; moreover it has a distinct political bias, which is scarcely suited to the theatre just now.

THE most popular Irish drama of this generation is *The Shaughraun*. If MR. BALFOUR ever has an opportunity of seeing this piece, he will find in it an interesting illustration of the manner in which he has improved on official traditions. In *The Shaughraun*, an English officer, searching for an escaped Fenian in a priest's house, offers to take the word of the priest that the fugitive is not concealed there. What a sentimental absurdity this would appear to the Minister who justifies the "shadowing" of FATHER HUMPHREYS and FATHER KENNEDY!

MISS HELEN MATHERS has lost her tale and doesn't know where to find it. At least, she left the MS. of Vol. I. in a hansom, and has not recovered it, after advertising and applying at Scotland Yard. She took the hansom from Grosvenor Street to Dean's Yard. Now there is an author in Grosvenor Street and an American publisher in Dean's Yard, and an M in both—though this is more true than obvious. So conjectures fly about. But it is the uncertainty that must be harassing MISS MATHERS. DICKENS picked the MS. of "Bleak House" out of the *débris* of a railway collision. And when "Diamond" ate the "Principia" (if indeed he did: for it has been contradicted) SIR ISAAC NEWTON had at least the satisfaction of knowing where it went.

MR. GEORGE W. SMALLEY, the *bien aimé*, the London correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, is very angry with MR. EDWARD LAWSON of the *Daily Telegraph* for his speech at the Newspaper Press Fund dinner. MR. SMALLEY, *more suo*, goes into the income of the Lawson family. "The profits of the journal which belongs to the Lawson family are computed at three-quarters of a million dollars yearly, yet MR. LAWSON is not above asking for alms for those in his employ." Argal, the newspaper proprietors are tapping the public purse to relieve a penury for which they are responsible. The worst of it is that MR. SMALLEY is right. Everywhere we turn this week, this endless struggle of Labour *v.* Capital confronts us.

ATTENTION has been drawn this week to some minor devices of the American pirates. They have "agents" or subordinate thieves in this country, it seems, who are paid to lay hands by any means on early copies and even proofs of works that are likely

to sell. An English author of distinction has need to lock up his proofs as jealously as his cheque-book: for the dexterity of these tradesmen in treading on the verge of criminal proceedings is heightened by competition. In special cases the covers are torn off, and the pages sent across by letter post. Payment goes by results, we learn. The man who got the start with "Called Back" received 200 dols. for his job.

THE three Longford pictures—HOLBEIN'S "Ambassadors," VELASQUEZ' "Admiral Pulido Pareja," and the portrait by MORONI—are going to the National Gallery for £55,000. LORD RADNOR offered them for sale some time ago, but the minimum price named was so high that the trustees of the Gallery dared not apply to the Treasury for the sum. So an appeal was made to public generosity, and successfully. £30,000 was guaranteed privately, and the State provides the remainder. So the pictures are happily preserved to the nation.

IN the Salon this year, British art has fared badly. Its record consists in the award of third-class medals to two of the Newlyn School—MR. E. W. GRIER and MR. TITCOMB. But our painters considered themselves so badly treated last year that a very few only sent their work. It is curious that MR. SARGENT'S portrait of MISS ELLEN TERRY as Lady Macbeth, which was so fervently admired in the New Gallery last year, met with little approbation from the French critics who saw it in the Champ de Mars.

THERE is, unfortunately, only too good ground for the rumours of SIR COUTTS LINDSAY'S intention to close his picture galleries. The case stands at present thus: The Grosvenor comprises a picture gallery, a restaurant, a library, and two clubs. The clubs are, respectively, the Gallery Club and the Grosvenor. The former meets in the galleries on Sundays during exhibition time, holds one or two large social receptions, and has been a great financial and social success. The latter club is resident on the premises, and is a respectable proprietary club, not quite as exclusive. The library is well known and well conducted. The restaurant cannot be so favourably spoken of; and it has apparently fallen to the ground between the two clubs.

NOW everyone knows that the Grosvenor Gallery as an institution has been making advances during the last year and a half. Yet SIR COUTTS LINDSAY is popularly supposed to be losing money year after year. Perhaps SIR COUTTS does not thoroughly appreciate the fact that the picture galleries are the *raison d'être* of the place, and essential to its success, while some other parts are not. At any rate, he has been tempted by an offer from the Grosvenor Club to hand the galleries over to that body for club purposes.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL and MR. LOCKWOOD have been elected honorary members of the Two Pins Club. The object of this society is not, as its title might indicate, to proclaim contempt for things in general. The club was christened by abbreviating the names of Turpin and Gilpin, because those worthies were famous horsemen, and it is the custom of the members of the Two Pins Club to ride together to some hostelry, where they cheerfully dine.

MESSRS. CHRISTIE have been busy this week with old Nankin, enamelled porcelain, jade carvings, and MR. BURTON'S engravings and water-colour drawings. Their sale to-day is important. It includes thirty-seven water-colour drawings by DAVID COX, and about fifty by CATTERMOLE, besides DE WINTS, FRIPPS, COTMANS and TURNERS.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MR. HALL CAINE AND MODERN FICTION.

SIR,—So far from doing Mr. Hall Caine an injustice, I thought I had treated him with signal forbearance. "Healthy-minded women," said Mr. Hall Caine to his interviewer, write about "the manners, whims, eccentricities of polite society," like Jane Austen. If their minds are not "healthy," they deal with "the secret and base complications of sexual passion." To make his meaning unmistakable, Mr. Hall Caine had what, to be quite courteous, I will call the courage to charge Charlotte Brontë with the chief responsibility for novels of this school. Finally, he defined female novelists of "healthy instincts" as women who write books on "religious themes," not "novels of passion." It follows from this that, in Mr. Hall Caine's opinion, writers like Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot, who are glories of our literature, stand guilty of painting "the base complications of sexual passion" because Rochester was not religious, Tito had no polite whims, and Arthur Donnithorne was self-indulgent. Is this the theory which Mr. Hall Caine is prepared to expound to "good women"?—Faithfully yours,

THE WRITER OF THE CAUSERIE.

BARROW ELECTION.

SIR,—In the kindly reference in your last number to my "exhortation to reconciliation and reunion" between the Liberal party and the Dissentients, you say, "it is clear that the militant Liberals in the constituencies mean to stand to their guns and their policy." In fairness to myself I must demur to the implied suggestion that any words of mine were intended to counsel a different line of action. It is true I urged that Mr. Caine should not be opposed at Barrow; but in doing this I carefully restricted myself to his re-election for the brief period that remains to this moribund Parliament. The special circumstances seemed to me to justify this consideration for one who has done much more than you place to his credit, for, in addition to his yeoman's service in the matter of the Compensation clauses, he has dealt a fatal blow to that Unionist alliance which has been the scandal of our politics for the last four years. The Barrow Liberals judged differently, and it would be impertinent to question the wisdom of their decision, especially as it has been vindicated by so brilliant a success. The full extent of my difference from you, therefore, is as to the treatment of a very exceptional case. I should certainly be one of the last to advocate that the Dissentients should be received back on their own terms, or to suggest that the "reconstruction of Irish government is to be secondary to the reunion of the Liberal party."

I have, indeed, never ceased to desire reunion with those who, though unable to accept Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill of 1886, have given too many proofs of their sympathy with the cause of progress to allow of any suspicion being cast on the soundness of their Liberalism. My belief has been that a point must come at which the strain of their unnatural alliance with the Tory party would become intolerable for Liberals of this type; and that then some of them, at least, would drift back to their proper place. All that I would venture to urge is that, in such case, no unnecessary obstacle should be placed in the way of their return. I cannot see how any concession as to policy is possible or even desirable. We are not going to cast discredit upon the struggle which has taxed our faith and energy and patience for the last four years, by accepting some paltry compromise instead of the righteous settlement for which we have throughout contended. The question is how we are to deal with *converts*, including amongst them those who accept Home Rule only as the *dernier ressort*, not how to find some terms of accommodation with those who are still Dissentients. It is a matter of temper, not of policy; and all that I desire is that those who are prepared frankly to accept our policy should not be repelled by any resentment of their past conduct, however reasonable it may appear.

There would be no advantage in ignoring or minimising the difficulties in the way of a return to more kindly relations. Again and again during the last week I have been told that Mr. Caine ought to show more contrition for his offences, that he has not been sufficiently humbled, or, as one ardent Liberal put it, that the prodigal should be left a little longer to a diet of husks. The feeling which underlies such expressions is very natural, but it is not politics. What it means is that reconciliation is not wished. So far as Unionist M.P.'s are concerned, this is doubtless the real sentiment, and in my judgment it is perfectly reasonable. With a few possible exceptions the so-called Liberals, who during the whole of this Parliament have been the steadiest supporters of the reactionary Government, would be a source of weakness rather than of strength were they to return to their old allegiance. Their votes in favour of a policy of Coercion as short-sighted as it is opposed to all the best

traditions of Liberalism, their Pharisaic parade of their own intellectual and moral superiority, their adulation of the politician who has been masquerading as the Strafford of the nineteenth century, and last, but worst of all, the insults they have heaped on the venerable head of their old chief, have made a gulf between them and us which will not easily be crossed. It is not to them, but to those Liberals in the constituencies who have been alienated from the party for a time, but who have never shared the passions, and at heart have not approved the action of their Parliamentary representatives, that we may look hopefully. Mr. Caine tells us that there are thousands of them who are longing for reunion. It is not possible for us to facilitate this by any attempt at compromise, and it is necessary that this should be strongly emphasised. But it is surely important that we should also seek to promote a movement, the success of which would accelerate and complete our victory by an exhibition of the magnanimity of which we have so distinguished an example in our veteran chief. In the meantime, however, probably the wise policy will be to trust to the healthy influence of events, instead of making any premature attempts at reconciliation which might defeat their own purpose. The Government are helping us in this matter, and may be trusted to do still more in the same direction.

J. Guinness Rogers.

A PLEA FOR THE PELICANS.

Dear Sir,—I have long been aware that I am a ruffian, and have gloried in the knowledge; so many people are ruffians without knowing it. But it was not until I read an article in The Speaker of yesterday's date, that I learned that I was a ruffian in broadcloth, and on that account belonged to a species that is "the very worst of the breed." Indeed, I did not know that I wore broadcloth at all; but, being a member of the Pelican Club, I suppose I do. Your correspondent has said it.

We hear much of the brutalising effect of prize-fighting upon the spectators, but it may well be doubted whether this is not mere theoretical speculation, and whether frequenters of the ring-side who are found to be of brutish nature would not have been so in any case. *Naturam expelles furca, tamen usque recurret:* this is a proposition, the converse of which is equally true. Let us go to antiquity for a parallel. The Greeks of old can hardly be called a brutish nation; yet they were well used to witnessing prize-fights, where a *cæstus* of solid leather made the punishment twice as severe as that given with the modern boxing-glove, or even with the fist. The Spartans were not, it is true, an artistic or literary race—no Dorian tribe was—but they had the refinement of music to a greater degree than any other race in Greece. And yet they were inured from boyhood to the practice of giving and taking hard knocks in the way of sport. Indeed, a sort of free fight, carried out to the bitter end, was there assigned a recognised place amongst the games of youth. In Rome the same principle appears to hold good. Gladiatorial shows were not of frequent occurrence until the first century B.C., when they grew more and more common, until, under the Empire, they could be witnessed almost every week, whether at Rome, at Naples, at Pompeii, or any other resort of wealth. Yet we do not find the men of Imperial Rome to have been brutalised by these exhibitions. On the contrary, they compare favourably with those of earlier time, men who foully butchered the Samnite Pontius, and rested not till they had hounded Hannibal to a self-sought grave. Vice Imperial Rome had in abundance, but not brutality such as is said to spring from pugilism and the like.

However, this is only arguing from analogy, which is ever a weak rod to lean upon. I think one of the strongest pleas in favour of the prize ring is that a taste for athletics of this sort, where pain and endurance are part of the essentials, is the best possible countervail to that effeminacy which in certain circles is held to be a mark of refined manhood. There are but few lovers of pugilism who do not themselves put on the gloves now and then; the majority will be found to be, for amateurs, fairly expert in their use. They are by no means the soft-fleshed, chicken-hearted creatures that your correspondent supposes them to be; but have, most of them, learned in the hard training school of experience to take their punishment without flinching. And still these ogres, actually inhuman enough to strike each other in the face with boxing-gloves, may often be met in society, and found greatly to resemble those around them. Indeed, on such occasions, if you approach him carefully, you will find the Pelican to be quite tame; he won't peck, and will even let you stroke him.

In one thing I am glad to be able to agree with your correspondent. He is certainly right, although his picture is somewhat overdrawn, in saying that too much is made of the heroes of the ring. In the old days the battle-money was a tenth of what is the ordinary stake of to-day, whilst the men, after allowing for the glamour of bygone times, were at least the equals of those who now hold the leading positions. But at present no champion will raise a hand unless there are some hundreds, or even up to two or three thousands of pounds, to be acquired by victory. But after all, few can blame them in this. They have "a body to sell," and they get the best price they can. Other people have brains to sell (or have them not), and they also obtain the best price they can. But it is a different matter when we come to the articles of eulogy in the sporting papers. They really do nauseate their readers with chronicling the petty movements of men who do not intend to even enter into negotiations for a fight, who only stir themselves to show that they are still alive and may be heard of shortly. The doings of Mr. Gladstone on a Midlothian tour are not more minutely noted up than are the words and acts of a prominent pugilist when he begins to "talk fight." But here again the fighting men themselves are not to blame. They probably like it, for it is a cheap advertisement. But if they did not, things would be much the same. The fault lies with those who read these articles: and those who read them with the greatest avidity, I can say with certainty, are those who never stand at the ring-side.

And now, Sir, I should like to say a few words in defence of the character of the members of the club to which I belong. On the last occasion when I was there, about a hundred were gathered round the ring watching a boxing contest. (Let not the gentle reader be shocked, this was not a case of "blood in plenty.") During an interval a gentleman rose to make an appeal on behalf of an old prize-fighter, erstwhile a servant of the club. He told his tale, and then took a hat round. When he counted the results, he had something just short of £12. Yet smug prudery, with well-filled pockets, passes the starving beggar in the streets, and puts a threepenny-piece in the plate on Sunday. Of course it will be said that the Pelican is by nature a spendthrift—"money is the badge of all their tribe." In answer I can only say that by some careless oversight the secretary must have omitted to send me the badge of the club when I became a member. And I know several others in the same case. Further, the Pelicans do not "howl with delight" at the sight of "blood not drawn from their own breasts." No loud remark is ever made during the progress of a boxing-match; and, strange as it may sound, they are sincerely sorry for the beaten man, if only he has played his part with skill and courage. At any rate, there are often several half-crowns in his hand when he leaves the ring; and you must weigh sympathy with gold and silver if you would find its true weight.

Now, Sir, this rambling and imperfect defence of an ancient sport must be brought to a close. Pray forgive the unpractised pen, and let it be my excuse for all deficiencies in style.

Hoping you will publish this, if only as a proof that the spirit of fair play can be fostered by other means than pugilism,—I enclose my card, and remain, yours sincerely,

July 6th, 1890. A "Loathly Pelican."

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

The Speaker Office.
Friday, July 11th, 1890.

CONCERNING the worth of journalistic criticism there is much difference of opinion, and perhaps there is room for a good deal. Not all shoes fit; why should perfection be expected in criticism? Especially when so much of it is anonymous. The three best-abused trades in the world are those of the Plumber, the Doctor, and the Critic, and in all three there is a certain element of darkness, of secrecy, of inscrutability; the operator has facilities for escaping the consequences of carelessness or incompetence. In two of the three cases the work is hidden; in the other, the workman. Much of the Plumber's work is concealed behind boards; the same may be said of the Doctor; and the Author, happily for some of us, cannot always identify his critic. We have all received complimentary letters by mistake.

Between those who think—or at least say—in their haste that all current criticism is dishonest and careless, indolent and irresponsible, and those who sincerely believe that scattered through our daily and weekly journals there is criticism enough, sound in matter and brilliant in manner, to make all the critical reputations of the past ten times over, there is room for many possible shades and degrees of optimism and pessimism. Truth may sometimes be found at a moderate elevation short of the universal and superlative. There are good Plumbers even, if only we could find them. As for Doctors, the healing art is the noblest of professions, if we would only give it a chance. The fault is in ourselves, not in our Doctors.

But do not let us push parallels too far. Analogy too rigorously pursued often leads to heresy, and we might find ourselves taking sins off the critical-doctor to put them on the back of the author-patient. Here at least is a good book of criticism, just published—Mr. W. E. Henley's "Views and Reviews." Mr. Henley has collected, "revised, and reconstituted" scattered contributions to various journals, extending over some fifteen years of critical work, and the collection goes to justify the optimistic view of latter-day criticism.

And yet, to hear Mr. Henley himself talk of "these hysterical times," one would think that such a book were impossible. "In these hysterical times," he says pathetically, "life is so full, so much is asked, and so much has to be given, that tranquil writing and careful workmanship are impossible. . . . We write as men paint for the exhibitions; with the consciousness that we must pass without notice if we do not exceed in colour and subject and tone." This is at least modest.

But this is only Mr. Henley's rhetoric, and not by any means the best of that. His eloquence has much more of the accent of sincerity when he is discoursing of Longfellow and the galley seen by Arnaldos, or of the novels of Disraeli. Mr. Henley, I imagine, would be shot rather than call him Beaconsfield. Mr. Henley reminds one least of Dr. Johnson when he is lamenting the degeneracy and the difficulties of modern life. At other times the resemblance is sufficiently striking, in spite of the difference of "method," in respect of which Mr. Henley has more in common with modern French criticism. There is something of the same robustness of tone, magisterial finality of deliverance, uncompromising utterance of personal conviction, something also of the same strong and close grip of his subject.

But Dr. Johnson would have had no sympathy with Mr. Henley's railings at "these hysterical times," at "us children of Mudie," at "this noisy and affected age," and so forth. "They had no Irish question then," Mr. Henley sighs *à propos* of Mr. Lang's translation of the Idylls of Theocritus, "nor was Theology invented. Men were not afraid of life, nor ashamed of death; and you could be heroic without a dread of clever editors, and hospitable without fear of rogues, and dutiful for no hope of illuminated scrolls." One fears that the great moralist's answer to such a tirade would have been Mr. Burchell's monosyllable—"Fudge!" He knew too well that such laments have been the commonplace of every generation since Homer's.

Mr. Henley comes perilously near what he forcibly calls "the bleat of the sentimentalist" in these utterances. The Golden Age, when there was no Irish Question and no Theology, was past some time before Theocritus invented his charming shepherds. Are we to suppose that Mr. Henley would have preferred life with Theocritus in Alexandria or Syracuse to life with—say, Mr. Lang—in London or Edinburgh? Life under Ptolemy or Nero to life under Lord Salisbury or Mr. Gladstone, Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, and the British Democracy? But he does himself injustice. There is no sign in this volume that he finds life dull. In truth, one seems to detect in his laments over the age the note of pugnacity rather than melancholy. It is not the "bleat of the sentimentalist," but rather the "Come on!" of one whose delight is in battle.

In spite of Mr. Henley's quarrel with his times, it is obvious that he finds the creations of modern poets and novelists a very good world to live in. The strength of his book lies in this. Like Johnson, again, he writes best about his immediate predecessors and contemporaries, though Johnson had not his distaste for theology. The world of literature is the true nineteenth century for him, the world in which he is really interested. He is thoroughly at home among the shadowy folk with whom Dickens and Thackeray, Dumas and Disraeli, Tennyson, Hugo, George Meredith, Borrow, and scores of other men of genius have peopled the hollow dark of modern life. Irish and other troublesome questions have not so absorbed his energies that he is ignorant of this world. He knows every nook and corner of it, has made the acquaintance of its personages, can quote their good sayings, discuss their virtues and their vices, compare and contrast them in many lights as one who has studied them intimately. It is refreshing to make the tour of these ideal countries in his company, and hear what he has to say of them and their inventors. He claims for himself "an honest regard for letters"; we may concede to him also other good qualities—sincerity, knowledge, and strength. His judgments are in the main clear-sighted, sane, humane, and generous.

It is a relief to turn from the discordant epilogue with which he mars some very pretty writing about Theocritus to such an "appreciation" as this of Dickens:—

"To myself he is always the man of his unrivalled and enchanting letters; is always an incarnation of generous and abounding gaiety, a type of beneficent earnestness, a great expression of intellectual vigour and emotional vivacity. I love to remember that I came into the world contemporaneously with some of his bravest work, and to reflect that even as he was the inspiration of my boyhood, so is he a delight of my middle age. I love to think that while English literature endures, he will be remembered as one that loved his fellow-men, and did more to make them happy and amiable than any other writer of his time."

Somehow I had an idea that Mr. Henley, along with a pronounced devotion to "art for art's sake," held views about a mysterious something called "style," and the comparative unimportance of substance. I don't know how I received the impression, but reading this book compels me to admit that the impression was a wrong one. I turned for curiosity to see what he had to say of M. de Banville, and found the following:—

"He knows so well what should be done, and so well how to do it, that he not seldom succeeds in doing something that is actually and veritably art; something, that is, in which there is substance as well as form, in which the matter is equal with the manner, in which the imagination is human as well as æsthetic, and the invention not merely verbal, but emotional and romantic also."

If "art" means all this, "art for art's sake" ceases to be a narrow formula. It might have been subscribed cordially by Wordsworth and Matthew Arnold.

As for "style," it is significant that the writer whose style he praises most lavishly is the writer on whose substance he is most severe—Thackeray. Thackeray is "the master of one of the finest prose styles in literature." "His manner is the perfection of conversational writing. Graceful, yet vigorous; adorably artificial, yet incomparably sound; . . . . . a type of high-bred English, a climax of literary art." And yet—

"Esmond apart, there is scarce a man or a woman whom it is possible to love unreservedly or thoroughly respect. That gives the measure of the man, and determines the quality of his influence. He was the average clubman *plus* genius and a style. And if there is any truth in the theory that it is the function of art not to degrade, but to ennoble—not to dishearten, but to encourage—not to deal with things ugly and paltry and mean, but with great things and beautiful and lofty—then, it is argued, his example is one to depreciate and condemn."

Mr. Henley is a good deal less than just to Thackeray in my opinion, and, I should say, does not quite take his irony when he describes it as one of Thackeray's cynical tenets that "passion, enthusiasm, excess of any sort, is unwise, abominable, a little absurd." Still, his principles are sound, if the application in this individual case does not hit the mark.

We must remember that Dr. Johnson once described Fielding as "a blockhead," and explained this

to mean "a barren rascal." "Will you not allow, sir," said Boswell, "that he draws very natural pictures of human life?" "Why, sir, it is of very low life." It is Thackeray's "gentility" on the other hand that offends Mr. Henley. Thackeray is "the representative Briton, the artist Philistine," which is good modern English for "a barren rascal." "Like the M.P. in 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' he represents the Gentlemanly Interest." Mr. Henley adores Fielding. "The sound and lusty types he created have an intellectual flavour peculiar to themselves. His novels teem with ripe wisdom and generous conclusions and beneficent examples."

"Essays in *Appreciation*" is the sub-title of Mr. Henley's volume. Mr. Pater recently collected some of his essays under the title of "*Appreciations*." The use of the word so prominently by two such *virtuosi* sets one thinking about its true inwardness. Do they use the word in its etymological purity, to signify valuation, estimate, appraisement? or do they mean it to carry some shade of the more common meaning as declared in the adjective "appreciative"? Matthew Arnold entitled his essays "Essays in Criticism;" do our new guides wish to be taken as eminently "appreciative" critics, or is appreciation merely another word for criticism, chosen for the sake of a little variety?

To secure a proper "objective standard," I turned to Dr. Murray's Dictionary. Words beginning with early letters of the alphabet have the high privilege of a place in that mine of philological wealth. Besides the root-meanings of "Appreciation," Dr. Murray gives "3, *esp.* perception of delicate impressions or distinctions," and "4, adequate or high estimation, sympathetic recognition of excellence."

With this light, and knowing Mr. Pater's view of the function of criticism as having for its main object to "disengage virtues," one can easily see why he called his essays "Appreciations." Of Mr. Henley's precise shade I am not so sure. "Sympathetic recognition of excellence," one finds in abundance in his volume. Also "perception of delicate impressions and distinctions." But, then, under the marginal heading of "appreciations," he gives a handful of very unsympathetic, unappreciative, depreciative epigrams on George Eliot. Which would seem to show that he uses "appreciation" in a sense that would not exclude "depreciation;" that is, goes back to the etymological meaning of the word, which, according to Dr. Murray, is now rare.

W. M.

REVIEWS.

IN DARKEST AFRICA.

(SECOND NOTICE.)

In Darkest Africa: being the Official Record of the Quest, Rescue, and Retreat of Emin, Governor of Equatoria. By H. M. Stanley. London: Sampson Low, 1890.

FROM the mouths of the Niger, round the basin of the Cross river and the district of the Cameroons to the northern limits of the Congo Basin, thence to the vicinity of Lakes Albert Nyanza and Albert Edward, to the western shores of Lake Tanganyika, and along the banks of the Rukuga, the Lomami, the Sankuru, and the lower Kasai, and so back to Stanley Pool on the Congo, and from Stanley Pool right across to the Atlantic coast at the mouth of the river Kwilu, extends one vast forest, only broken by the paltry native clearings, by the courses of rivers, or by expanse of marsh or lake. Fingers of this forest also extend southwards along the banks of the Kasai, the Lualaba, the Kwango, and other great affluents of the Congo; and isolated patches are found along the West African coast between the Niger and Senegambia—Liberia, for instance, is a forest country, so is much of Ashanti, of Sierra Leone, of Portuguese Guinea, and there are even forest patches of this true West African character at the base of Mount Kilimanjaro, and north-west of Lake Nyasa. But the main unbroken mass is that vast forest which occupies the northern and central portions of the Congo Basin, and it was this dense woodland—as dense and luxuriant in extravagant tropical growth as the forests of the Amazons or the Malay Peninsula—which Stanley had to traverse three times on his journeys backwards and forwards between the Aruwimi and the Albert Nyanza—a distance of some five hundred miles, which, three times repeated, makes a total of 1,500 miles traversed by river or land, and some 460 days spent amid this awful overpowering growth of giant vegetation, where, except when on the river, the sky was scarcely visible, where the light, atmosphere, and temperature, were like those of a green-shaded hothouse at Kew, with, in addition, murderous savages, spiteful pigmies, poisonous fruits, and insect pests which, in variety and virulence, seemed to have surpassed anything ordinarily met with in the tropics. The last-named plague of the forest is so vividly described by Mr. Stanley that I cannot do better than reproduce his words:—

"Insects would require a whole book. Never have I seen such countless armies and species as during my various marches through this forest. . . . I recollect but few hours that I did not express myself unkindly towards them. Those bees, large and small, the wasps, the hordes of moths by night, the house-flies, tsetse, gadflies, gnats, and butterflies by day, the giant beetles, attracted by the light in the tent, sailing through the darkness and dashing frantically against the canvas, rebounding in their rage from side to side, and all the time hoarsely booming, finally, with roars of fury, dashing themselves against my book or face, as though they would wreak vengeance on me for some reason; then the swarms of ants peering into every plate, intruding into my washy soup, crawling over my bananas; the crickets that sprang like demons, and fixed themselves in my scalp or on my forehead; the shrill cicadæ that drove one mad, worse than the *pepo*-inspired Manyuema women. . . . . The small bees of the size of gnats were the most tormenting of all the species; we became acquainted with four. They are of the *Mellipona*. To read, write, or eat, required the devoted services of an attendant to drive them away. The eyes were their favourite points of attack; but the ears and nostrils also were sensitive objects to which they invariably reverted. . . Among the minor unpleasantnesses which we had to endure we may mention the "jigger,"[1] which deposited its eggs under the toe-nails of the most active men, but which attacked the body of a "goee-goee" (*fainéant*) and made him a mass of living corruption; the little beetle which dived under the skin and pricked one as with a needle; the small and large ticks which assiduously sucked one's small store of blood; the wasps, which stung one into a raging fever if some careless idiot touched the tree or shouted near their haunts; the wild honey-bees, which one day scattered two canoe crews, and punished them so that we had to send a detachment of men to rescue them; the tiger-slug,[2] that dropped from the branches and left his poisonous fur in the pores of the body until one raved from the pain; the red ants, that invaded the camp by night and disturbed our sleep, and attacked the caravan half a score of times on the march, and made the men run faster than if pursued by so many pigmies; the black ants, which infested the trumpet trees and dropped on us when passing underneath, and gave us all a foretaste of the Inferno; the small ants, that invaded every particle of food, which required great care lest we might swallow half a dozen inadvertently, and have the stomach membranes perforated or blistered—small as they were, they were the most troublesome, for in every tunnel made through the bush thousands of them housed themselves upon us, and so bit and stung us that I have seen the pioneers covered with blisters as from nettles; and, of course, there were our old friends the mosquitoes in numbers in the greater clearings."

The human inhabitants of the forest between the Aruwimi and the Albert Nyanza consisted mainly of cannibal tribes related to the Congo peoples, and speaking Bantu[3] languages; and of dwarfs

[1] A species of flea—*Sarcopsyllus penetrans*—really introduced into West Africa from South America about forty years ago. It has since spread right up the Congo.—H. H. J.

[2] Really a caterpillar.—H. H. J.

[3] On page 354 of Vol. II. Mr. Stanley derides and discards this convenient term for designating that widespread, compact, homogeneous family of African languages which extend over nearly the whole of South Central Africa, from the Cameroons across to Zanzibar, and from the northern limits of the Congo Basin to Natal. He does so apparently from a misapprehension of its application. "Bantu," a name first employed by Dr. Bleek, the great South African linguist, is as reasonable a term as "Aryan," "Semitic," or "Turanian." Persons desirous of knowing what "Bantu" means, and why it is employed, are referred to Dr. Bleek's "Comparative Grammar of South African Languages," or my own book on the Kilimanjaro Expedition. Meanwhile philologists will continue to use Dr. Bleek's term, "Bantu," till Mr. Stanley can supply them with a better word.—H. H. J.

apparently of two varieties, one kind, the Batwa, being singularly monkey-like, with "longish heads and long, narrow faces, reddish, small eyes set close together, which give them a somewhat ferrety look," while the other variety or tribe, the Wambutti, have "round faces, gazelle-like eyes, set far apart, open foreheads . . . and are of a rich yellow ivory complexion." Both tribes of these dwarfs speak Bantu dialects, or at any rate employed them in their converse with Mr. Stanley, who has recorded specimens of their languages which I can see at a glance belong to the Bantu family.

These pigmies seem to be of an elfish, spiteful, thieving nature, in their native forests, but to be readily capable of warm affections and fidelity towards those who treat them kindly.

Besides the aborigines of the forest—stalwart cannibals and puny dwarfs—Mr. Stanley lit on several quasi-Arab settlements—that is to say, camps ruled over by Swahilis or Arabs from the coast, and consisting mainly of the Arabs' armed slaves—Manyuema, Basoko, Bakusu, and other people from the Upper Congo owning the Arabs as masters or leaders. He speaks bitterly of their raids—very bitterly; but from the accounts he repeatedly gives us of the villainous nature of the indigenous savages whom the Arabs have driven away, killed, or replaced, one cannot feel greatly moved at the treatment awarded to these cannibals—cannibals who seem to have been utterly insensible to better treatment on the part of Stanley's expedition. Moreover, with all their wickedness, the Arabs and the Manyuema—especially one Swahili captain, Ugarrowa, to wit—seem at different times to have been the salvation of Mr. Stanley's caravan, which would have surely perished of hunger on several occasions but for the sustenance of rice and other provisions supplied by the Arabs.

The sad end of the rear column, the death of Major Barttelot, the first fruitless march to the Albert Nyanza, the second and third return thither, the first meeting with Emin, and the latter's three months' captivity at the hands of his rebel soldiers and ultimate escape from their hands, the abominable treachery meditated by the Egyptian officers, Emin Pasha's irresolution and peculiar disposition,[1] the wonderful Snow Mountain, Ruwenzori, the mission-station on the Victoria Nyanza, and its gallant little founder, Mr. Mackay—all these incidents and opinions are given by Mr. Stanley in a graphic, vivid style of writing which enchains the reader's interest, and carries him along with the writer in such a way that it is hard to put the book down having once taken it up. Faults, by the very critical, may certainly be found with Mr. Stanley's scientific views, his deductions from questionable premises, even with his grammar in one or two instances, and with his spelling of African names (wherein he is constantly using a double consonant where one would suffice), but none can fairly deny that he has written a most interesting book—a book wherein the interest is sustained to the very last page of the narrative—a book which, without any swagger or exaggeration, does justice to the most remarkable feat in African exploration which has taken place in this or any other century.

H. H. Johnston.

THE LITERATURE OF TO-MORROW.

La Vie Littéraire. Deuxième Série. Par Anatole France. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 1890.

One lays down M. Anatole France with the melancholy conviction that literature in France is not, after all, in a very much better way than in England. At the risk of being accused of patriotic bias, we may declare, indeed, that there are signs that literary France will descend to our level. The admission is drawn from us by candour, not by policy; for, as there is nothing more difficult for a nation to discover than its own fatuity, it is a judicious and pleasant duty to contrast our national mediocrity with the stranger's brilliance. But M. France is so rich in compliments to "poètes de talent," "rares et charmants esprits," "talents ordonnés et lumineux," that the net impression he conveys is that Paris is the centre of the universe. This is unfortunate, for it rouses us in self-defence to dispute the claim we should otherwise have admitted. Spain, Madame Bazau hints, fondly imagines that she leads Europe in matters of Literature and Art; Germany, where Literature is practically dead, must perforce hold the same to be true of herself; and it is known that America has developed a Mediocre Realism and Mr. Howells, and has therefore gone up top. The *Nation* the other day put the finishing stroke to our pretensions by remarking that De Quincey was a diseased writer. Well, he was; but only two Americans hitherto have been infected by his disease, and those two are Poe and Hawthorne; so his disease cannot be said to be catching. And now here is M. Anatole France paying compliments to the author of *The Tempest!* To do our Frenchman justice, he is extremely taken with *ce grand Will;* and though it is anxious work for a reader "with illusions" (as Mr. Howells puts it) to go through the causerie of nine pages, he emerges breathless, but safe and sound. Shakespeare, says M. France, was, in fact, a great genius. No other of his criticisms, we avow, strikes us as being so sound as this. In all conscience M. France is an intelligent, a conscientious, and a good-natured critic; but his criticisms, to use a simile that will strike home, no more deserve reprinting than the present writer's.

What is it M. France has to say that saddens us for the future of French literature? He discusses the Symbolists and their recent discoveries, and tells us that M. Mallarmé's disciples are disputing over the colours of the letters of the alphabet, M. Ghil affirming that O is blue, and M. Raimbault that it is red. He tells us that M. Ohnet's "Volonté" has reached a sixty-third edition, which is melancholy news; for when it has reached its hundredth, some English publisher will see that it is his duty to launch forth a fleet of Ohnet translations. He praises a certain novel, "Conscience," by Hector Malot, a watered-down paraphrase of "Crime and Punishment"—a very bad sign indeed; for if the French take to reading imitations of Dostoievsky, they will lose what they have gained by studying him. He quotes the *chef d'œuvre* of the school of "*demain*"—a sonnet, a very scorpion of a sonnet, which, M. France says, should be read in a swoon; but, to our mind, it goes very nicely indeed with a bottle of claret. It is a very curious thing how Symbolism is assisted and strengthened by wine. Allowance must be made for all schools in their infancy—Pre-Raphaelite, or Impressionist, or Symbolist—and the tolerant man will defer judgment, till over his wine he can think out quietly and conscientiously the exact colour of O.

To come to close quarters, *La Vie Littéraire*, with its forty causeries, reveals the fact that France, hardly less than England, is suffering from *la revanche populaire*. That the state of modern literature should be judged as much by its mediocrities as its celebrities seems only reasonable, inasmuch as it is easy to say who will not survive, and difficult to say who will. We rightly look down on the age that massacred Shakespeare, and acted him with alterations and improvements, and addenda by various mongrel poets. Why should we have nothing to say about the taste that encourages Mr. B. to hash and mince Fielding, and serve him up with a new moral? In all probability our age will be known as the Semi-Barbarous in Literature, barbarous

[1] Emin, it must not be forgotten, was a scientific man, first and foremost, rather than a leader of men. He is perhaps the most scientific man who has ever resided in Africa. His journal, edited by Dr Felkin, and published some two years ago, was the best work ever written about African natural history.

undoubtedly through the inrush of the democracy into fields which they have never before trod. It is of course impossible to educate a democracy without falling into a thousand absurdities. We are too far occupied with details of the education to realise our curious position, but the comedy will entertain posterity. Hitherto the masses have had little to say to the Arts, but the time is coming when they will monopolise them. The present transitional state will pass, the short cuts to literature, the thousand and one paste-and-scissors papers of the day will be thrown aside, and we shall have the curious spectacle of two totally different literatures existing side by side—the one appealing to the million, immensely popular, fulfilling Mr. Besant's ideal of thousands of well-paid writers busily employed in satisfying the tastes of the hundred millions of English-speaking peoples spread over the globe; the other, the delight of a very small band of authors, loving both the idea and the form, read only by one another, and consequently, let us hope, the work of humorists of the first water. This state of things already threatens England, but there are signs that it will reach its most deplorable development in America. Attentive readers of the American magazines will have noticed that Literature is, in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases, spoken of as a *Trade*, not as an *Art*. The idea of the *growth* of a book is unknown, the *making* is substituted for it instead. The American man of business, when the literary wage becomes respectable, will apprentice his son to Authors of some standing, that they may be trained up to supply the thousand tales and short readable articles that the enlightened public will clamour for. Already we have the term "literary man," used in the odious sense of one who supplies a literary want. The avalanche will come; it is bound to come. The Arts will be led captive by the triumphant democracy, but Arts so disguised that the far-off future will not recognise them.

We had cherished the belief that France would have held out longest against *la revanche populaire*, but M. Anatole France fills us with misgivings. At present the gulf between the French bourgeois and the French man of letters is far wider than between English master and man; but will it not close up? The thirst of a democracy for polish may be as dangerous as the thirst of a populace for platitude. May not our neighbour's taste turn in the direction of French polish? We fear it may, for here is M. France himself, the critic of *Le Temps*, showing the ominous sign of being over-cultured. He is so facile, so many-sided in his attitudes, that he reminds us of an actor who bows to pit, gallery, stalls, and boxes in search of applause. He commends Shakespeare, but he is in love with M. Guy de Maupassant. Now, if Apollo were to descend to earth to search for Marsyas, it is the perpetrator of *Une Vie* whom he would flay alive. M. France, alas! is "cultured," and he has one leg in the pit into which the Americans, with Mr. Howells at their head, have fallen. "There were no ladies and gentlemen a hundred years ago—at least, in our sense of the word," says Mr. Howells, *à propos* of delicacy of manners—applauding, unhappy man! the black coats of Boston, and frowning severely at the unseemly spectacle of Negra and Amaryllis sporting in the shade. And M. France is so suave, so well educated, so excessively quick in expounding ideas he was a stranger to the day before yesterday, that he foreshadows the day for us when the culture of his countrymen will supplant their *esprit*. When that day comes, good-bye to French literature. What is worse, we ask, in French art, than French imitations? What nation is more unhappy in grasping the substance and losing the essence? The very stones cry out against their pseudo-Classicism, against the Hellenism of David. Readers of Mr. Lang will remember his delightful sketch of Louis XIV. expounding Theocritus. M. Anatole France should beware lest his graceful platitudes, his suave conceit, entice his public "the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire" of "ce grand Will."

LIEBIG'S ESSENCE OF LEARNING.

English Lands, Letters, and Kings from Elizabeth to Anne. By Donald G. Mitchell. London: Sampson Low & Co., 1890.

This pretentious but insignificant book, "Little whiffs of metric music" as the author calls it, seems to have been first published to the world in the form of lectures to a girls' school in Utica, in the State of New York. We can picture to ourselves the young ladies sitting each with her note-book before her, and anxiously taking down the literary scraps which in a garnish of fine words were dealt out. Could we have looked over their shoulders as they wrote we should probably have seen a long string of entries such as the following:—"James I., a ramshackle dotard of a King;" "Bacon, cold-hearted;" "Raleigh's life, an epic with its mated couples of rhythmic sentiment;" "Ben Jonson, a truly British poet;" "Job, a splendid Hebraic poem;" "The Shakspearean hulk, vast and wondrous;" "Webster, not a jocund man;" "Massinger, well accredited in his time;" "George Herbert, warmest of Anglicans;" "Jeremy Taylor, his learning and piety gurgled from him in a great tide of mellifluous language;" "Edmund Waller, a gay and coquettish widower, with very little pith or weighty matter in him;" "'Paradise Lost,' not a child's book;" "Earl of Rochester, his great fine wig covered a great fine brain (Query: had he no skull?);" "Baxter's 'Saints' Rest,' an accredited book in the time of the elegant Duke of Rochester;" "Andrew Marvell—his dainty poems;" "'Hudibras,' a jingling, doggerel poem, had the honour of suggesting its scheme, and measure, and jingle to an American poem;" "Dr. Burnet wrote a History of his Own Times; would have turned up his bishop's nose at mention of Samuel Pepys;" "John Dryden, an important man of letters, a voluminous poet, a great, clever, literary worker, with a portentous pomp of language;" "old ear-cropped Prynne, died in 1669, aged sixty-nine, but still living in 1685, close upon seventy, grim and gray;" "John Locke, level-headed;" "William of Orange, a fighting Dutch general, shared the British throne with Mary, relished her discretion, her reserves, and her culture;" "Congreve was in his way an important man;" "Voltaire, a keen-witted Frenchman;" "'Robinson Crusoe,' a work free from any extraneous graces of rhetoric;" "Queen Anne—the ripeness of character brought by her royal duties;" "*The Spectator*, a journal whose sentences do not crackle and blaze with the heat we look for in the preachments of our time;" "Addison, a man who by mere impact gets a gracious send-off into elegant talk;" "Pope, his splendid but scorpion pen;" "the Duchess of Marlborough, an elegant vampire;" "Sir Christopher Wren, worth remembering for his constructive abilities; superintended the construction of the cathedral of St. Paul; in his time the consumption of coal in London was much more limited than at present;" "*The Beggars' Opera*, much fuller of grime and foul strokes than Mr. Gilbert's contagious sing-song; had however a pretty shimmer of language;" "Jonathan Swift, the bread of the Temple charity irked his lusty manhood; swore that he would do for himself; in his Lexicon there were never ulteriors; urged for Bishop of Hereford; in Ireland interested himself in certain questions of currency; with his name everybody associates the little people that Lemuel Gulliver saw."

Such are the notes which the youthful but ardent female student would have been likely to make, for such is the information which Mr. Mitchell imparts. We should not be surprised to learn that he is popular as an author on both sides of the Atlantic, for he has a perfect command of that allusive style which not only almost but altogether persuades the ignorant reader that the writer is a man of vast learning. What astonishes us most in books of this kind is the

extraordinary mixture of ignorance and knowledge with which the readers are credited. Locke, for instance—"the level-headed Locke"—is, we are told, a writer "whom we are too apt to dismiss from our thoughts as a man full only of dreary metaphysic subtleties." But yet these young ladies who are learned enough to have heard of Locke, are supposed to be so ignorant of history that Mr. Mitchell, to enable them "to keep in memory the sequence of Kings Charles, James, and William, tells somewhat of their relationship." Can it be the case that in the States not only English history, but also the history of America when it was under English sovereigns, is so completely neglected that their students of literature do not know in what order these three kings succeeded to the throne? Has their shameless piracy of Macaulay's great history left them, then, in such gross ignorance as this? "Oh, young ladies of Utica," we would say, "it is all in vain that your country has lost its honour. It has sold itself to the devil for nothing. Honest ignorance we might have respected; learned dishonesty we could not wholly have despised; but to steal books and not to read them is contemptible indeed. You do not seem in your studies to have advanced even so far as the works of the excellent Mrs. Markham, or as 'Little Arthur's History of England.' For had you mastered such books as these Mr. Mitchell would never, in addressing you, have asked:—'But how came William of Orange, a Dutchman, and speaking English brokenly, to share the British throne with Mary?' The depths of your ignorance are beyond our gauging. You have learnt from your eloquent lecturer of good Queen Anne. Have you, young ladies of Utica, have you heard the fatal news that that virtuous sovereign is dead? Of the death of Charles II. you do know something, for your lecturer has been kind enough to abridge for you Macaulay's narrative. We are afraid that your knowledge of the English language is scarcely sufficient for you to be astonished at learning that the King anticipated modern slang by declaring 'I'm an awful time in dying.'"

We have felt it our duty to address these unknown young ladies with some severity of language. We hope that they will not, like poor Stella, "wilt at the blow." The blow at which she "wilted," had in addition "some side bruises which scathed her." The "side bruises" which we have tried to give will, we trust, scathe, not the fair young Uticans, but the shameless legislators of their remarkable country, who protect a set of rascally publishers in plundering English authors.

LORD ALTHORP.

Lord Althorp. By Ernest Myers. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1890.

It would be ungracious to notice this book with too critical an eye. We prefer to thank Mr. Myers for having given us a short biography (based on Le Marchant's well-known "Memoir of Earl Spencer"), in excellent print, of an honest if not a great statesman, rather than to inquire too minutely into the execution or necessity of the work.

Lord Althorp was a perfect type of an English gentleman who, influenced rather by a sense of duty than the promptings of ambition, played an important part in public affairs at a critical period in the history of his country.

He was a moral rather than an intellectual force. He won the esteem of all parties by his uprightness and integrity, and gained the confidence of the House of Commons by his frank, genial, open manner, good temper, and unquestionable honesty. His contemporaries, indeed, expressed their appreciation of his character in a familiar phrase; and he is still best known as "honest Jack Althorp." People believed what Althorp said because he had said it. His assertion was accepted without a murmur when the "proofs" of other men were regarded with a suspicious eye.

Sir Henry Hardinge tells us how, on one occasion, during the debates on the Reform Bill, Althorp rose to oppose an amendment moved by Croker; "he merely observed that he had made some calculations which he considered as entirely conclusive in refutation of the right honourable gentleman's arguments, but unfortunately had mislaid them so that he could only say that if the House would be guided by his advice they would reject the amendment." The House did reject the amendment. "There was no standing against such influence as this," says Sir Henry; and the anecdote well illustrates the power exercised by Althorp. "There is something to me quite delightful," said Jeffrey, "in his calm, clumsy, courageous, immutable probity and well-meaning, and it seems to have a charm with everybody."

In 1830, Althorp, then in his forty-ninth year, became Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons. In 1834 he retired from public life. In these four years he did the work on which his reputation mainly rests. He led the House of Commons as it had never been led before, and has scarcely been led since. He possessed no brilliant qualities. He never made a great speech; he never brought forward a great measure; he never foreshadowed a great scheme of policy. But he won the confidence of all men by his transparent honesty and rare singleness of purpose.

Sir Henry Hardinge has said that it was Althorp who "carried the Reform Bill." This statement is, of course, an exaggeration; but there can be no doubt that he steered the Bill through Committee with skill, and that his tact, good sense, and urbanity did much to disarm criticism and moderate opposition.

Although Leader of the House of Commons, he can scarcely be held responsible for the foolish Irish policy of the Whigs during the years 1830—34. Could Althorp have had his way, Catholic emancipation would have been made a reality. But Grey and Stanley dominated the Cabinet, and they made it a dead letter. Althorp disliked the Coercion Act of 1831. He described it in a letter to his father, Earl Spencer, as "one of the most tyrannical measures I ever heard proposed," adding, "we must stand by Stanley, but we must soften down his measure. It is a great scrape, for O'Connell will have the credit of forcing upon us any modification which is embodied in the Bill." He showed every disposition to settle the Tithe Question in a broad and liberal spirit; and when the distasteful duty of introducing the Coercion Act of 1833 was imposed on him, he fairly broke down in an effort so abhorrent to his sense of justice and generosity. How Stanley seized the papers which Althorp had used to such little purpose, and in a speech of singular brilliance and power persuaded the House to adopt his own views, is well known. But when the time came for renewing this Act, Althorp's influence was again on the side of conciliation. Indeed, his objections to it led to the break-up of the Ministry. Mr. Myers' account of this fatality is, upon the whole, fair and accurate, though, like others, he does not lay the chief blame on the right shoulders—the shoulders of Lord Grey.

Animated by what Lord Campbell (we believe) has called "a childish dislike of O'Connell," Grey insisted, in opposition to the opinion of the head of the Irish Executive, in re-enacting a law which struck at the right of public meetings in Ireland. "There can be no question," said Lord Melbourne, when he heard of Wellesley's opinion, "that the clauses must be given up, as no Government could ask Parliament for an unconstitutional power in Ireland, the necessity of which the Lord Lieutenant has been led to disclaim."

This was not Lord Grey's view, and he wrecked his Government on the issue.

The Grey Ministry was succeeded by the first Melbourne Administration, in which Lord Althorp held his old post of Chancellor of the Exchequer. But in November, 1834, on the death of Earl Spencer, he retired from public life; and though every effort

was made to induce him to join the Second Melbourne Ministry in 1835, he remained steadfast in the resolve to spend the remainder of his days in repose. But his sympathies were heartily given to the first Government that made a sustained effort to rule Ireland on constitutional principles, to make Catholic Emancipation a reality, and to inspire the Irish people with confidence in the British Parliament. On the fall of the Melbourne Ministry that confidence was withdrawn. It has not since been restored.

CORNISH FOLK-LORE.

Cornish Feasts and Folk-lore. By Miss M. A. Courtney. Reprinted from the Folk-lore Society's Journals, 1886—1887. Penzance: Beare & Son. 1890.

Apart from its ethnological value, this admirable collection of papers has a pathetic interest. "A book on folk-lore cannot, in this century, contain original matter," says Miss Courtney in her preface; "it must be compiled from various sources." A long while back, when Robert Hunt published his "Romances and Drolls of the West of England," he wrote, "I cannot but consider myself fortunate in having collected these traditions thirty-five years ago. They could not be collected now." They are fast following the old language, and only in some out-of-the-way corners may a fragment be recovered, now and again, by one whom the Cornish folk have learned to trust as one of themselves.

Little but praise can be given to Miss Courtney for this volume, as for her Glossary of the West Cornwall Dialect, published by another society. She has been scrupulous in giving authority for her quotations, and only in one or two cases are these authorities to be guarded against. For instance, we believe (while admitting his genius) the late Rev. R. S. Hawker to have been constitutionally incapable of speaking the truth as soon as he touched a legend or scrap of folk-lore. He is too frequently quoted.

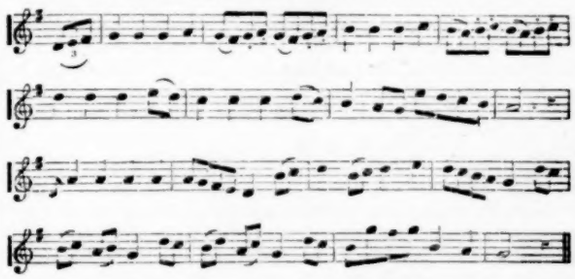
Miss Courtney will pardon us, perhaps, if, instead of heaping up praise, we humbly offer a suggestion or two that occurred to us in turning her pages. On page 5, for instance, she quotes, *à propos* of Guy Fawkes' Day, the following doggerel:—

> "Please to remember the fifth of November!
> A stick or a stake for King George's sake,
> A faggot or rope, to hang the Pope.
> For Gunpowder Plot shall never be forgot
> Whilst Castle Ryan stands upon a rock."

"Where Castle Ryan stands," says Miss Courtney, "I have never been able to learn." Now Castle Ryan, or Ruan, means "the Roman Castle." May it not be intended for the citadel of the Romish faith (the Church built upon a rock, as Christ promised Peter), and so bear out the idea of line 3—the Popish character of the Gunpowder Plot?

Among the many New Year superstitions, Miss Courtney omits a very prevalent one, that the first person to enter a house on New Year's morning should be of the male sex. We know of many farm-houses in the West where a boy is hired for a small sum to call early on that morning and insure luck. Surely, too, Miss Courtney is inaccurate in fixing New Year's Eve as the time for wassail-singing. It should be Twelfth Night (old Christmas Eve). Again, under Whit-Sunday we read that "it was formerly considered very unlucky in Cornwall to go out on this day without putting on some new thing." On *Easter* Sunday it is still considered unlucky by most people in East Cornwall.

Not the least interesting of Cornish antiquities are the processional feasts, such as the Padstow Hobby Horse, Helston Furry-day, and Bodmin Riding. Of the last-mentioned, Miss Courtney says that it is "supposed to have been instituted in honour of Thomas-à-Beckett," and certainly the festival takes place on the Monday after St. Beckett's Day: but this is in all probability a coincidence only. Polwhele conjectures it to be "deducible from the Pagan worship of the goddess of flowers," reasoning by analogy from the Helston festival. A more likely guess, perhaps, is that it originated in a procession to welcome back the bones of St. Petroc, which were lost and restored, and are still jealously preserved at Bodmin, in an extremely curious ivory casket. The fact that the procession had for its goal the Bodmin Priory (where the bones were kept) would seem to strengthen this view. Again, Miss Courtney quotes the late T. Quiller Couch to the effect that the riding-tune is "said by some to be as old as the feast itself." Now, as far as documents help us (*cf.* Wallis' Bodmin Register) the feast is demonstrably three centuries old, and probably more than twice that age. But here is the riding-air, an obvious drum-and-fife tune:—



It would be hard to date this earlier than the close of the seventeenth century; and though, of course, it might be founded on an older air, the history of the famous "Trelawney" tune should make one careful. Miss Courtney may dismiss Heath's remark that "these sports and pastimes were so liked by King Charles II., when he touched at Bodmin on his way to Scilly, that he became a brother of the jovial society;" for both the "Riding" and the Halgavar sports were held early in July, and this does not accord with the date of the Prince's journey, as Lysons has pointed out.

On page 133 we read:—

> "Fishermen dread going near the spot where vessels have been wrecked, as the voices of the drowned often call to them there, especially before a storm. Sometimes their dead comrades call them by their names, and then they know for certain that they will soon die. . . . ."

The superstition as we know it is that the drowned men "hail" *their own* names, answering to a sort of Davy Jones's roll-call beneath the waves.

We might continue these slight additions and corrections, but would rather leave ourselves space to commend this useful and fascinating work, a book to be placed in a Cornishman's library beside Bottrell's "Traditions," Couch's "History of Polperro," and Hunt's jumbled collection of drolls. For Miss Courtney writes with a careful love of her subject that is the happiest part of the antiquarian's equipment. It were well if we could feel as safe in the company of some others who are exploiting the West of England. For instance, we should much like the Rev. Baring Gould to give his authority for the West-country ballads he is publishing just now. His collection, we can assure him, would gain in value if we had some means of assuring ourselves that none of these antiques had been "faked up" or tampered with. As it is, Mr. Baring Gould's "Life of Hawker" may well make a student suspicious of any work, not professedly fictitious, that that gentleman may put forth.

But the present book should have more than an antiquarian interest; for the authoress has a cultivated style, and her theme is full of poetry. We read of pirates, wreckers, and demons; of saints, piskies, and giants; of King Arthur's advent on a rolling wave beneath Tintagel; of his fight at Vellandrucher with the red-haired Danes who landed and stayed "so long that the birds built in the rigging of their ships"; of his transformation into the red-legged chough; of village feasts, Christmas customs, and the ways by which maidens may divine their true lovers on Midsummer's Eve; of witches, black

and white; of tokens and charms; of the children's quaint games, such as "She said and she said," and "Lady Queen Anne"; and of carols as sweetly simple as the following—

"Go the wayst out, Child Jesus,
Go the wayst out to play;
Down by God's Holy Well
I see three pretty children,
As ever tongue can tell."

It is to be wished that Miss Courtney might think fit some day to give us a collection of these old Cornish carols, or such scraps as may be re-tried. Davies Gilbert's collection (1822) would be an excellent basis.

MINOR VERSE.

1. Songs of "The Governing Classes," and other Lyrics. By Robert B. Brough. London: Vizetelly & Co. 1890.
2. Ondar the Just. By S. S. Woodall. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1890.
3. Chambers Twain. By Ernest Radford. London: Elkin Matthews. 1890.
4. Song-Strays. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.

In the "Songs of 'The Governing Classes'" Mr. Robert Brough said in 1855 much which is perfectly seasonable in the present year, and which may be taken to justify the publication of the second edition, which we have before us. We do not suppose that anyone would be so childish as to expect from an angry democrat a faithful picture of the English aristocracy. And Robert Brough was extremely angry. He was angry with the selfish capitalist because he was selfish; he was angry with the philanthropical capitalist, because his philanthropy could only mean that he wanted a peerage. He had reached the conclusion that a peer could only cease to be a luxurious poltroon from a cowardly fear that his luxury was in danger. Like most satirists, he selected his incidents; and if we will only do that, we can prove, or disprove, most things. Some of the verses are spirited and humorous enough; it is, perhaps, the lapse of years which has made the satire occasionally a trifle flat and stale; and satire would be always more convincing if it were less obviously intentional. The book is prefaced by an interesting account of the author, taken from Mr. Edmund Yates' "Recollections and Experiences"; one who showed so little charity to the vices of the down-trodden upper classes should surely have been above "the impossibility of resisting temptation, come in what form it might." There is, by the way, a word too many for either metre or sense in the fourth line on page 113; it is a printer's error, and should be corrected.

The author of "Ondar the Just" is influenced by an older school of poetry than that which at present seems to be held in most favour by the writers of minor verse. There is no particular beauty or luxuriance of language, but the occasional lapses into the sheer commonplace are consequently less noticeable; and, in the first part of the book at least, the lapses are few, and the choice of subject is generally appropriate and felicitous. The style is simple and unaffected, and much of the verse is carefully—in some places, exquisitely—finished. And although the author, like most minor poets, suffers terribly from memory and unconscious imitation, the book is by no means devoid of new thought. The best piece on the whole is probably "The Shepherd and the Ring," although the climax is weak and inartistic. On the other hand, some of the devotional verse is most feeble and hackneyed. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive how it can have been written by the author of the narrative poems in the earlier pages. In "The Change a Letter Wrought"—a dull, conventional, Sunday-school piece of work—the poet sinks to a very low level indeed. If this is a first book, it shows some slight promise—if only in the originality which has led the author to copy from some of the less used models—but it is unequal.

Modern taste allows considerable latitude in rhymes, and, of course, the author is justified in making "faith," or anything that ends in "th," rhyme with "death"; but we do protest against "put on" being made to rhyme with the last two syllables of "forgotten." One line in the book,—

"Unheeded as the voice that quires the cherubim"—

gives us a little trouble at first, but the explanation is not really difficult.

Most delicate and comely in appearance is Mr. Ernest Radford's "Chambers Twain." It is exquisitely printed; each little poem—two stanzas make one poem, as a rule—is surrounded by a generous margin, and the hand-made, rough-edged paper is an appropriate vehicle for the machine-turned keenness of Mr. Radford's epigrams. Many of these little poems are most charming and graceful. Here is one entitled "Day and Night":—

"I held her hand
To-day,
And whispered a word,
And she heard:—
And I did not work,
And she did not play
To-day.

"I touched her lips
To-night,
And none knew, but we two,
The delight:—
And I shall not sleep,
And she will not sleep
To-night."

It would be easy to find some fault with these verses, but they go straight into the memory, and stay there, and—unlike the famous "Punch, brothers"—are very welcome. We will quote one more, "Ever and a Day":—

"He murmured 'Love, for ever!'
And she whispered, 'and a day?'
And I whose pain ends never
Saw her stand in her bride's array,
And knew that her love was for ever,
And his false love for a day."

But after we have read some fifty pages of this kind of thing, we find ourselves asking if the merely neat is really identical with the beautiful; we grow a little weary of this literary confectionery, of the sweetness and lightness of these verse *meringues*. There are among them passages of greater pungency; we learn that critics are bloodless, and that anonymous critics are ostriches. There are also touches of bright and genial humour. But the last half of the book tells the story of the first half. In the last half Mr. Radford has given some renderings of Heine, and in the first half he has not forgotten him. It is not to be supposed that the author really cares for the opinions of a bloodless ostrich, but he will find in the works of Emerson an essay entitled "The Poet," which should carry more weight with him, and should enable him to make the distinction between the man of poetical talents and the true poet. Of one of the two Mr. Radford is a very good specimen.

The author of "Song-Strays" is apparently one of considerable attainments. He is familiar with music, with art, and with foreign tongues. It is perhaps as well not to vex the soul of a printer by demanding from him that he shall accent Greek, but the system adopted in this book is certainly puzzling. The breathings are given, and there is one circumflex accent in one place; the rest are omitted. The English character is used where capital letters are required. But these are not important points. The inconsistency of a printer is nothing, but the inequalities in the author are very curious. There are passages in this book which reach a high level, which show quality and distinction. There are others which are only remarkable for their abominable affectation, or their clumsy and needless obscurity. There is an obscurity which is only relative to the shallowness of the reader, and is caused by depth of thought in the writer. There is another obscurity which is

caused by the simple process of writing words in the wrong order, as, for instance:—

"Until for a dream the dream life knows."

Here is an instance of another kind:—

"I would not know not, knowing, who would know,
Not knowing."

The use of the hyphen would do something for this last; but at best it is an irritating and unworthy conceit. Hardly less irritating, although the truth of them is quite obvious, are such lines as:—

"We see but one—because one moon to see
There is alone."

Many of the verses are Greek in subject, but not Greek in spirit, although the translations are not all of them afflicted with the limping inadequacy of the following:—

"Go to the Spartans, and tell them, O thou that passest by,
We have obeyed their behests; therefore here we lie."

The whole book would have been better for a careful revision. Much of it should have been omitted, and much more requires re-writing. But, from the evidence of certain passages, we should be inclined to assign a higher place to the author of "Song-Strays," than to the other three writers whom we have noticed to-day. He has more power, and he can move with greater freedom. As a book of poems it is not altogether admirable; as the promise of a book it is interesting and adequate.

FOUR NOVELS.

1. The Scudamores. By F. C. Philips and C. J. Wills. Two vols. London: Gardner & Co. 1890.
2. In The Sunlight. By Angelica Selby. Two vols. London and New York: Frederick Warne & Co. 1890.
3. Truth with Honour. By Christabel R. Coleridge and M. Bramston. London: Walter Smith and Innes. 1890.
4. Toxar. A Romance. By the Author of "Thoth." London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1890.

THERE is very little that could be called strikingly original in "The Scudamores." The plot turns, as many plots have turned, on the well-known fact that when a dying wish, or an implacable parent, or the interests of the family property, demand that the hero shall marry one particular woman, he invariably and incontinently falls in love with some other woman. "For you," the hero says to that other woman in this case, "I would not only wait and laugh at the dictates of prudence, but I'd willingly forego the golden prospect that my uncle sets before me. Oh, Gladys, if you would only share my poverty!" She refuses to take part in such "rank treason" against the uncle. "Look upon me as a sister," she says, as heroines are wont to say at some period of the ordinary novel; and the hero always asks, as he asks on this occasion, if it is not possible that her "affection can ripen into something more." The conclusion of the story can be easily guessed. Of course the bare outlines of the plot are common property. They have been made interesting—intensely interesting—time after time by skilful and varied treatment. There is no reason why they should not be used again. But we cannot think that the treatment in this case is particularly skilful or particularly original. Anyone who reads many novels will find in "The Scudamores" many old friends and enemies. The characters are not, it may be owned, the mere dummies, suffering from dialogue, which meet us in some society novels. Each one has his or her individuality and some resemblance to life; but almost everyone reminds us of a similar character in some better book. The chapter which describes "The Triumph of Woffles" is false, farcical, and quite inconsistent with the tone of the rest of the story; the satire contained in it is stale and flat, and the humour of it is somewhat vulgar. Altogether, this book is a great disappointment. Of course Mr. Phillips and Dr. Wills have not written an utterly worthless story. It is mildly interesting, and occasionally amusing. But we look in vain for the freshness, strength, and pathos of "As in a Looking-Glass."

"In the Sunlight" is not wanting in incident, although there is no undue effusion of blood, but it is chiefly remarkable as a study of character. The sketch of the heroine is clear and natural; she is a real person, and not only a pretty receptacle for proposals; and considerable skill is shown in the delineation of her brother, Fane, and of Count Contarini. Some of the other characters are also good, but less good. The commencement of the story is dull, and a little perplexing. We have no time to be interested in the heroine and her family before we are hurriedly introduced to a crowd of other characters, brought on the stage with inartistic rapidity and confusion. It is only towards the end of the first volume that we feel that we really know most of them who are worth knowing, and interest becomes possible. But when it has once started, it is persistent; and the second volume is unquestionably better in every respect than the first. The heroine's love-story is certainly one of many episodes. In the first chapter she has already refused two men. Subsequently she falls in love with a third man, who does not propose to her; refuses a fourth man; and refuses, then accepts, but never marries, a fifth man. She does get married, of course, in the end. "All things come round to him who will but wait," is the line that the author has written under the dedication of the book. The love-story of the heroine is by no means the only one in the book. Further excitement is provided by a duel; and as the duel has to be stopped—otherwise the hero would have been killed—there is also an earthquake.

The book has its faults. Some of it is serious—in fact, dull. Some of it is weak, conventional, and sentimental. On the other hand, there are many bright and amusing passages. The characters are unusually well drawn, and the author is not incapable of real pathos. Her story is not a possession for ever; but we think it would make a very pleasant holiday companion.

The authors of "Truth with Honour" have written a very pleasant novel, healthy in tone, broad in its views, well written, and not without interest. The problem with which the book deals is, as may be guessed from the title, the possibility of circumstances justifying intentional deceit. In fulfilment of a promise to their dying father, two sisters attempt not only to put right the wrong which their father has done, but also to conceal the fact that the wrong was ever done at all. We meet Mr. Cheriton Lester and his brothers again in this book. The solution to the problem is to be gathered by the reader's own deductions from the action and dialogue of the story; and, although we are afraid that it is a novel with a purpose, there is very little arid moralising. Mr. Cheriton Lester is an admirable character, and it is seldom that one meets a more lovable and charming heroine than Maisie Despard, the younger of the two sisters. A tendency to prolixity is noticeable in places, and occasionally the story seems to want spirit and vigour; but it is free from most of the bad conventional faults, and it is certainly worth reading.

The anonymous author of "Toxar" is at any rate no mere copyist. There is some distinction and originality in this book. Two characters especially will attract the notice of every reader—Antinous, with his alternations of luxurious vice and philosophical virtue, and Toxar, the "perfect slave." Both of them are striking characters, vividly and impressively depicted. The prologue to the story is charming; quite unconventional, with touches in it of quiet and telling satire. The scenes which follow are romantic and dramatic. In the record of the most horrible crimes, the author shows a calmness and self-restraint which are almost cynical. The temperament of the ancient Greek is accurately and clearly represented, and without any ostentatious use of classical attainments. There is much good work in the story; it certainly seems to us to be a great advance on the author's "Thoth."

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

It was decidedly a happy thought to begin the new series entitled "Masterpieces of Foreign Authors" with the "Characters" of La Bruyère, a book which first appeared in Paris some two hundred years ago. If we are to accept the testimony of the Abbé d'Olivet, La Bruyère, although he spent his life at the court of Louis XIV., was a moralist, who sat lightly to the pomps and vanities of the world, and loved to spend his days in the society of many books and a few friends. He was a man of polished manners and gay humour, but he was reserved in speech, and free from vanity and self-assertion. He tells us himself that the materials for his book were "borrowed from the world at large;" and Saint Simon, writing soon after La Bruyère's death in 1696, probably did him no more than simple justice when he declared that he was a "simple, genial, honest man, with nothing of the pedant or self-seeker in his nature." Miss Stott has had a difficult task in conveying to English readers the fine and subtle shades of meaning of this French classic, but she may be fairly congratulated on the skill with which she has rendered the original into graceful and vigorous English, as well as on the sympathetic insight with which she has in the main caught the drift of La Bruyère's thought. La Bruyère was, within certain limits, a consummate literary artist, and he knew how to be in turn "grave and mocking, keen and earnest." His judgment was sound, and much of his criticism of men and manners gains its abiding force from his perception of motive, and his mastery of the secret workings of the human heart. It is needless to add that this little book is packed with thought, but it ought not to have been issued in its present form without a subject-index. The volume has for frontispiece a striking portrait of La Bruyère.

Mr. Gomme is making steady progress with the "Gentleman's Magazine Library," a set of volumes in which it is proposed to give the cream of the contents of that famous old journal from 1731 to 1868. The new instalment—a beautifully printed volume of four hundred pages—deals with architectural antiquities, and contains some very interesting descriptions of Westminster Abbey, Lichfield Cathedral, Windsor Castle, Penshurst, Beverley Minster, Fountains Abbey, and other buildings with which the civil and religious history of England are associated. Mr. A. C. Bickley has enriched the volume with some scholarly notes, and has also compiled a copious index. The work, especially to architects and antiquarians, is one of permanent interest.

The characteristics of Miss Yonge's "Cameos from English History" are by this time perfectly well known, and there is therefore little need to say more than that the seventh series, which has just appeared, contains the story of the thirty-six troubled and eventful years in the seventeenth century which cover the period between the outbreak of the Civil War, and the Restoration of Charles II. The book is, of course, written from the Anglican point of view, and we are told that "Charles the Martyr" tried to be just, was assuredly good, and died for the Church and her bishops. Miss Yonge admits that those who fail to understand that "Episcopacy is a vital part of the faith once delivered to the Saints" are apt to misunderstand the character of the King who perished outside Whitehall. But apart from that consideration, Charles I. was a tyrant, and the fate which overtook him was a just recompense for his desertion of Strafford. The salient facts between the setting-up of the standard in 1642, and the peace of Nimeguen in 1678, are placed in clear relief, and considerable skill is shown in the selection of illustrative details of the story.

Archdeacon Farrar has recently been to Ober-Ammergau—where he stayed, by the way, in the house of Josef Mayr, who this year, for the third time, takes the most prominent part in the "Passion-Play." In Dr. Farrar's view, Mayr still remains a simple artisan, and is quite unspoilt by the attentions which he has received. We are assured by Dr. Farrar that the best and most thoughtful of the villagers are already half-resolved that this decade shall witness the last performance of this interesting survival of the Miracle-Plays of the Middle Ages. So long as a pilgrimage to Ober-Ammergau was only undertaken by religious and cultivated people, the Passion-Play did not suffer, at all events, to any appreciable extent; now, however, all this is changed, for it has become the fashion to go thither, and curiosity and vulgarity are in consequence rapidly making havoc with the ancient associations of a solemn and impressive scene. Dr. Farrar gives a rather slight, but at the same time a vivid description of the Passion-Play as at present performed, and he echoes the surprise that has often been expressed, that working men who go straight back to their "humble peasant homes and menial duties can enact kings and hierarchs with such astonishing propriety and force."

The new volume of the International Scientific Series is written by Dr. Cooke, who gives a singularly clear and interesting account of "Fresh-Water Algæ." Manuals and hand-books dealing with various departments of natural history abound, but this, we believe, is the first attempt which has yet been made to furnish a cheap, and at the same time reliable and scientific account of British fresh-water algæ. Students engaged in microscopical research will find in this book an enumeration of all the British species, a valuable glossary of terms, and a number of plates illustrating all the genera. Dr. Cooke is more concerned to indicate the progress of this department of cryptogamic botany, and to tabulate the scientific results achieved, than to formulate theories of his own, or to combat or support those of others. The book is in every sense a worthy and opportune addition to the important series to which it belongs.

"Blossom-Land" is the fanciful and somewhat affected title which Mr. Clement Scott has given to a volume of graceful and imaginative sketches of places, in which he has spent many an autumn holiday far from the madding crowd. The book consists of some thirty sketches, and three hundred pages, and is described by its author as a record of "familiar scenes and delightful days, connected with some of the happiest holiday hours of a hard-working and restless life." The opening papers deal with various aspects of Cromer, before that quaint Norfolk fishing village paid the penalty of popularity, and expanded in consequence into a fashionable watering-place. The speculative builder has cut up the fields between railway and cliff into building-plots, and Overstrand, which a few short years ago consisted of a picturesque group of farm-houses and fishermen's cottages, has now been transformed into a conventional "colony of red-brick houses, as smart as Bedford Park." Mr. Scott, when inclined to sigh sentimentally over the change, confesses that his friends are apt to tell him some plain truths. "Ah, yes," say they, "it's all very well, but if you had not been in such a hurry to write about these places in the newspapers they might still be primitive, picturesque, and peaceful." There is, no doubt, some truth in this impeachment; but probably the shopkeepers at Cromer are not inclined to quarrel with Mr. Scott for rushing into print again and again about the beauties of the place. But descriptions of Cromer do not exhaust the interest of the book, for there are pleasant glimpses also in these pages of nooks and corners of France, Switzerland, and Germany. Quite one of the best papers in the book is concerned with Guernsey, which Mr. Scott, with his love for flowery terms, dubs Carnation Island. Altogether, this is just the book to dream over amid quiet surroundings like those which it describes.

We have received an admirable lithograph portrait of Mr. Gladstone—twenty-four by seventeen—from a photograph taken by the London Stereoscopic Company. The picture is a vignette, and the expression of the sitter in one of his more meditative moods has been happily caught. Great care has evidently been taken in the preparation of this plate, and as it is published at a popular price, we have no doubt it will find favour with the rank and file of the Liberal party.

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* The Morals and Manners of the Seventeenth Century: being the Characters of La Bruyère. Translated by Helen Stott. Portrait. (Masterpieces of Foreign Authors.) London: David Stott, 370, Oxford Street, W. Small foolscap 8vo. (2s. 6d.)

The Gentleman's Magazine Library. Edited by George Laurence Gomme, F.S.A. Architectural Antiquities. Part I. London: Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row, E.C. Demy 8vo. (7s. 6d.)

Cameos from English History. By the Author of "The Heir of Redcliffe." Seventh Series. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Extra foolscap 8vo. (5s.)

The Passion-Play at Ober-Ammergau, 1890. By F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. London: William Heinemann. Crown 8vo. (2s. 6d.)

Introduction to Fresh-Water Algæ. By M. C. Cooke, M.A., LL.D. Illustrated. International Scientific Series. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. Crown 8vo. (5s.)

Blossom-Land and Fallen Leaves. By Clement Scott. Portrait. London: Hutchinson & Co., Paternoster Square. Crown 8vo. (7s. 6d.)

The Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, M.P. Lithographed Portrait from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company. Southwood, Smith & Co., 4, King Street, Cheapside, E.C.

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